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THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOREIGNER.

"Though the world for this commend him,
Though a smile upon its lip may greet him,
Even its praises must offend him,
Founded on another's wrong;

"Still thy heart in life rebuketh—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the carrying thought which pitieth
Is—that we no more may meet.

"Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bends to thine—by thee broken,
Even my soul forsaken now."

BYRON.

Lord Montrosse arose early next morning, and devoted the whole forenoon to engaging a pleasant suit of rooms at the "Royal Achilles," and in superintending their arrangement for the reception of his bride. The sportsman was quite equal to eleven o'clock.

And a few minutes before twelve, Lord Montrosse entered his carriage, and drove to the "Crown and Sceptre" to keep his appointment with Estelle.

He inquired for Lady Montrosse, and was shown up at once into her private parlor, which the waiter took his card up to her ladyship's chamber. He waited impatiently for a few moments until the servant returned, with the information that neither Lady Montrosse nor her woman was in her ladyship's room.

"That is strange," thought Lord Montrosse. "Take this card up to Mr. Oldfield, and let him know that I would be happy to see him in this room," he said, handing the "pasteboard" to the waiter. The man received it and disappeared.

There was no suspicion nor misgiving in the impatience with which Lord Montrosse waited for the appearance of Mr. Oldfield. He simply thought it unusual that Lady Montrosse should not be ready to receive him, and wished to inquire for her of the minister. Presently the door opened, and Mr. Oldfield entered.

"Ah! how do you do, my dear friend? I hope Lady Montrosse is well this morning," said his lordship, advancing to meet the pastor.

"I hope so too, but Lady Montrosse has not made her appearance to-day," said Mr. Oldfield.

"Indeed! and it is now," said his lordship, consulting the mantle clock, "half-past twelve."

Her ladyship sometimes breakfasts and spends her morning in her chamber, and as she was very much fatigued last night, probably she prefers to keep her own room to-day. Sit down, my lord; sit down! do not stand," said the minister, handing a chair to his visitor and seating himself.

"But, my dear sir, I sent up my card, and neither Lady Montrosse nor her attendant is in her ladyship's apartment. I had hoped that my lady was with you."

"No, sir; no, no; I have seen neither Lady Montrosse nor her maid this morning," said Mr. Oldfield, beginning to feel a vague uneasiness.

"This is little unusual, is it not, my lord?" inquired his lordship.

"It—yes—it is, my lord! *Very* unusual! I—think I will go up and see if—anything is the matter!" gasped the old man in a great uneasiness, as he hurriedly left the room to go in search of his charge.

Lord Montrosse being left alone, paced up and down the parlor floor until he was startled by the violent throwing open of the door, and the loquacious entrance of Mr. Oldfield, who paid no agitated visit out two letters—a sealed, the other open and fluttering in his hand.

"What! what is the matter? Estelle! my Estelle! Is she ill? Has she fled? Has she eloped with her?" in the name of heaven speak, Mr. Oldfield! What of my Estelle?" exclaimed Lord Montrosse, stricken with a panic of anxiety.

"Good! my lord! She is gone!"

"Gone!"

"Gone! Fled!"

"Fled!"

"Fled, my lord! Fled alone!"

"Is its name of Heaven, my friend, what mean you?"

"Oh! sir! read and see!" exclaimed the old man, thrusting the two letters into the hands of his companion, and sinking into a chair and wiping the drops of cold perspiration from his forehead.

Lord Montrosse seized the billets and hastily read the one first. It was addressed to Mr. Oldfield, and was as follows:

DEAR OLD FRIEND—Forgive my contrition me to depart. And though your heart so pleads for the temporal happiness of my child—if my counsel or my power be the voice of sanctimony, put on calm, dispassionate reflection you will assent to it soon. Farewell! Be blessed in old age, as you have been in the past.

ESTELLE.

With a heavy groan, Lord Montrosse threw this note aside, and then tore open and devoured the contents of the other, which was addressed to himself. It was written in coolly as she in her self-denial had exhibited it to be:

MY LORD.—Circumstance compels me to withdraw from you. Only to avoid blindness I go secretly. An act of Parliament will free you from the bond of our merely nominal marriage. Farewell, my lord! May you be happy with a happier woman than the lost.

ESTELLE.

"What does all this mean? When did she go? Where has she gone? *How* has she gone? What friends has she? What means? Answer, in the name of Heaven, sir, if you can!" exclaimed Lord Montrosse, in extreme agitation.

"Ah, my lord, I do not know! I cannot tell! How should I? Except—you! give me time!" cried the old man, wiping the hoarse drops from his forehead, and struggling to regain composure.

"Well, sir! Well?" exclaimed Lord Montrosse, impatiently.

"Yes! Well! when did she go, you ask? Stay! let me collect myself and think—yes! she certainly last night spoke of going," said the old man somewhat incoherently.

"Last night she spoke of going, and you did not warn me? Oh! Mr. Oldfield!" exclaimed his lordship, reproachfully.

"My lord, she only spoke of going, and invoked my assistance. I refused to aid her, and endeavored to persuade her from her purpose. Had I suspected she was about to depart, I should at once have summoned your lordship. But who could have foreseen that she would have left us in this sudden manner?"

"She spoke last night of going! Inform me, sir, if you please, and as exactly as you can, what took place, all that passed last night upon that subject."

"I will endeavor to comply, my lord," said the clergyman, who then commenced and related the conversation that had taken place between himself and Lady Montrosse in that parlor, on the evening previous.

Lord Montrosse groaned aloud.

"Sir! did she drop no hint as to whither she intended to go?"

"Not a word! not a breath! my lord!"

"Unhappy girl! Oh, Estelle! Estelle! whom I would have gathered into my bosom, safe from all the storms of life!—where are you now! Oh! Estelle! Estelle!" he groaned, burying his face in his hands. In another moment he started up.

"We waste time, Mr. Oldfield! How ran into her room! Perhaps there, some clue may be found to her flight."

With a deep sigh the aged minister nodded assent and preceded his friend up the stairs, and into the deserted chamber lately occupied by Lady Montrosse.

Lord Montrosse who had by this time recovered his presence of mind, calmly and collectively went about the business of investigation.

"The bed has not been occupied—she did not therefore sleep here. But the couch is pressed—she must have laid down to rest. Let the scene here are the sperm candles, half burned down; she must have passed some hours of the night here. Her trunks are here—locked—as if she had not conferred to go out very quietly, and without calling assistance," he said, going about the room, and making his observations.

"Oh, my lord! only the bell! summon the people of the inn and question them!" said the old clergyman, eagerly moving towards the bell-rope.

"Stay—do not ring yet; to examine those people should be our last resort; from appearances here, and from other circumstances, I doubt, they know anything about her flight. And if they do not, I prefer not to enlighten them. Let us go down!"

They left the room, locking the door and withdrawing the key.

When they had reached the parlor, Lord Montrosse said:

"Make no stir; create no excitement; leave the people of the inn to suppose, as they naturally will do, that Lady Montrosse has left with your knowledge and consent. I will tell you how we may manage, without exciting their suspicion, to get information from them. Ring, and call for your bill up to this present hour, as if you were about to leave—which I suppose you will do in the course of the day. When the account is presented, note its *tot sums*. See if there is supper, a post-chaise, a messenger, or a porter, charged last night for Lady Montrosse. If so, you can enroll at three hours, and so by disputing a little, get the whole facts, as far as they may be known here—whether she took supper, whether she procured a conveyance from the house—at what hour she went, and whither—and all without attracting particular attention."

"I see! I see!" exclaimed the old man, pulling the bell-rope so vigorously that it was speedily answered by a waiter, who was directed to bring up Mr. Oldfield's account.

While, a few minutes after, the man re-appeared, and presented the bill, Mr. Oldfield took it and glanced down its columns; supper for Lady Montrosse was the last item.

"Hum-m—hum-m—hum-m!"—said the old gentleman, in the tone of one taking exception—"I think there is some mistake here—I think her ladyship did not take supper?"

"Yes, please your reverence, I carried it up," replied the waiter.

"Hum-m—it must have been very late when you carried it up—as you say," said Mr. Oldfield, with the manner of a man who trust he hoped upon.

"Yes, please sir—at ten o'clock," replied the man.

"Hum-m. You have not charged the post-chaise, I see?"

"There wasn't no po'stay ordered, for no one been private sir."

"Ah! yes! I—you are right—[the old man was about to say 'I mistake'—you are right,] but expected himself before telling an untruth]—yes, you are right! Lady Montrosse went away in a coach."

A few more adroitly put questions resulted in nothing satisfactory. The bill was paid, and the waiter, with a small donation, dismissed.

"She must have gone away in a cab, you know; so I told no untruth about that," said Mr. Oldfield, uneasy upon the subject of his little duplicity.

"Those, then, are the facts as far as we know them—simply, that she took supper, rested awhile, arose at three, and, attended by her maid, left the house after ten o'clock. Now the question is—Whither did she go?"

The old minister mournfully shook his head. He could make no suggestion.

"If I had," continued Lord Montrosse—notwithstanding his great anxiety, calmly reasoning out the matter—"judging from all you told me, that she meant to leave England; to do this she must have gone to Liverpool or to London. The night train for London and Liverpool leaves at twelve o'clock. I think she went by that train. The ground journey is at hired. So far, I think, we have her. But at Bristol—did she take the London, or the Liverpool route? Have you any knowledge to throw light upon this subject?"

The clergyman shook his head.

"Has she friends at either of these places?"

Again the old man shook his head with a mournful sigh of no land, saying:

"One, my lord, many—Now, I doubt, *any*."

"Well, sir, I am at a loss because of her indecision, so fragile, so sorrowful, so inexperienced—to know and understand in this bitter world! Oh! Estelle! my Estelle! But I must not think of these things! to do so will unfit me for action. Let us, sir, take counsel."

The old man groaned—

"Sir, I am but a father, when he sent her wretched, sent also a check for a thousand pounds. She placed the letter in my hands for my current expenses. I drew the money for it; but never could prevail on her to receive back a shilling of it. It remains untouched in my possession yet."

"Then she has no funds at all! My Estelle! Oh! what will become of you!"

"Let me reflect—yet! she has funds; she has a small competency in her own right; five thousand pounds left her by her grandmother, it is in the hands of a banker in London."

"Then she has gone to London to draw it before leaving England! I may overtake and recover her yet! Oh! if I had known this proceed last three hours ago, I might then have gone after her by the mean train, and have been only twelve hours behind her! As it is, I must now wait for the midnight cars, and be a full day behind! Oh, Heaven! how difficult to govern one's impatience, and be calm in a forced inaction under such circumstances! But patience. I shall see her soon, all will be well! What is the name of the banker who has her funds?" inquired his lordship, taking out his tablets.

"Scofield Brothers, Lombard street, London."

"Good afternoon, sir! I am going to pack up for my journey," said Lord Montrosse, rising, and returning the memorandum to his pocket.

"Good day, my lord. I would myself accompany you on this journey, but that my parishioners are in sad want of their truant pastor, and my old wife is impatient to see me."

"I know it, I know it; it must be so—good-bye, sir. You have my everlasting gratitude for your kindness to Lady Montrosse. Good bye!"

"Stay one moment, my dear lord! You know the heart of her pale! Suppose when you find her, she still refuses to return with you? Excuse my question, for the sake of my anxiety."

"I shall die with her—I should *die* with her, under reason, persuasion, prayer! should not these avail, I should then use my power. I should compel Estelle to return with me."

"My lord!"

"Yes, I repeat it! She shall not sacrifice herself to fanaticism. I will constrain my love to her home or her peace!"

Thus the two gentlemen parted: Mr. Oldfield to prepare for his return to his pastoral charge; Lord Montrosse to make arrangements for his journey to London.

His lordship was at the depot in full time. The train started at twelve. Swiftly as he was carried along this second on the longest ride and the last out night he had ever known. Some minutes less than two hours brought him to Bristol and the Grand Junction, where half an hour served for change of cars; and this at half past three o'clock, he found himself whirled along through night, and mist, and rain, on the route towards London. Soon the morning dawned and found him in the cast behind what seemed a bank of cloud; it was the mingled mist and fog that overhung the leviathan of cities.

The train entered London from the West and reached the depot just as the sun arose. Lord Montrosse took a hackney coach and drove to a hotel in the immediate neighborhood of Lombard street. As it was now very early, some hours had yet to be lived through, before he could hope to find the bankers at their place of business. He ordered an apartment, and got through the time as well as he could by reading his morning toilet and attempting his morning meal. Directly after breakfast, he entered a carriage and drove to the banking house of Scofield Brothers. He inquired for either of the owners, and was ushered into a back office where the junior partner was writing at a desk.

"Good morning, sir! Lord Montrosse, advancing—You are—?"

"Mr. Scofield, at your service," answered the banker, rising.

"Lord Montrosse."

"Happy to see you, my lord. Pray be seated!" —handing a chair. "Hope we may be able to serve you, this morning?"

"I thank you, sir."

Lord Montrosse looked for an instant into the honest face of the banker, and then with the air of a man who states a fact known to himself, rather than of one who asks information upon a subject, he said—

"Lady Montrosse was with you yesterday?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And withdrew her deposits, of course?"

"She did, my lord."

Lord Montrosse paused. How to frame his next enquiry as to the whereabouts of Estelle, without exciting the surprise and complaisance of the man to whom he spoke, was now the difficulty. However, the question must be put. Lord Montrosse was not one to shrink; besides, what indeed was the importance of Mr. John Scofield's surprises and speculations to Lord Montrosse?

"Favor me with Lady Montrosse's London address, if you please, sir," said his lordship, quietly.

It was not with surprise nor wonder, but with simple consternation that the banker stood dumbfounded!

"Did you hear my question, Mr. Scofield?" asked Lord Montrosse, after a pause.

"I beg pardon, my lord," said the banker, in a tone and manner in which astonishment was modified by respect; "but I am unable to furnish you with her ladyship's address. Lady Montrosse has left England."

It was an overwhelming announcement! Yet Lord Montrosse neither started nor exclaimed; he was a man of too much firmness and self control to do either, and perhaps also he had been too well prepared for it by what had preceded; yet it was a stunning blow; he felt it so; he looked again and steadily, almost with rude scrutiny, into the face of John Scofield. Yet he thought he could trust that face and confide in the veritude and discretion of that man;—he knew that the banker could not be easily ignorant of the great trial lately concluded at the Exeter Assizes; —for the rest he must have faith in him.

"Will you favor me with a few moments of private conversation, Mr. Scofield?" he inquired, in a low voice.

"Certainly, my lord," replied the banker, dismissing his clerk, and closing and locking the door behind him. "Now, my lord, I am at your service," he concluded, returning and resuming his seat.

"You are of course aware, Mr. Scofield, of the painful events through which Lady Montrosse—and myself," he added in that affectionate and generous spirit in which he ever wished to associate himself in all that was distressing and humiliating in her life,)—"have lately passed."

"I am aware, my lord," replied the banker, gravely, and respectfully dropping his eyes.

"But you do not know, perhaps, that Lady Montrosse and myself have not passed one single moment alone together since our marriage; or that notwithstanding the perfect legality of the ceremony that binds us together, Lady Montrosse considers herself free to decline to renew herself from my protection; and in order to do so effectually has withdrawn herself from my knowledge. Now, I would know whither she has gone, if you, indeed a breach of confidence, can inform me."

The banker, who had listened in respectful sympathy to the words of Lord Montrosse, now paused and reflected before answering.

"My lord, as Lady Montrosse, of course, made no confidential communications to me, I do not know that any reason exists why I should not give you all the information upon this subject in my power."

"I will thank you then, sir, to proceed."

"The manner in which Lady Montrosse left Lombard street was about to leave England was merely incidental, as my knowledge of her destination is, I may say, barely inferential."

"Proceed, sir, proceed."

"Her ladyship came early yesterday morning—much about this time, in fact—to withdraw the funds she had on deposit here. She required a portion of them in cash and the remainder in drafts on the Continental bankers."

"Then she has gone to America?" interrupted Lord Montrosse, recollecting at the moment the fervent desire with which poor Estelle had often spoken of the young Western Republic.

"Undoubtedly, my Lord."

"Pardon, sir; I must ask when did she sail? Her voyage must have been very sudden! She must have chanced upon a ship about to leave port."

"I think that quite likely, my lord. When she left here, she went to the docks, as the money and drafts should be sent down to her at the National Hank, before dark, that the ship should leave the hotel at that hour. We had correspondents in New York and in Baltimore. I received of her ladyship upon the receipt of those the drafts in her favor should be drawn, and she said—upon the receipt of them the money was to be sent to me. Our clerk, who was intrusted with the delivery, met Lady Montrosse at the hotel at eleven o'clock. And we know that the Princess, Captain Caton, sailed from this port at twelve, bound for Baltimore."

"Then we are to infer that she went to Baltimore, sir, on the first vessle information. One piece of information more, sir,—the name of your London correspondents?"

"Somerville and Son, Fruit street."

"I hope you have to know, sir,—when the next vessel sails for the United States?"

"I do not, sir."

"Then I thank you for the assistance you have already given me. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, my lord. I wish to be happy as to serve your lordship in any capacity. pray consider us always at your orders."

"I thank you, sir. Good day."

And then the pare and the banker parted.

"Good Heaven! how very matured Lady Montrosse must have been, and with what dispatch she must have carried them out!" thought Lord Montrosse, as he left the banking-house of Scofield Brothers, re-entered his cab and drove to St. Catherine's Dock, to inquire for vessels bound for the United States. After a diligent search of several hours he found that there was no ship to sail for Baltimore in less than two weeks. The first that was expect

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ed to leave for that port was the Mercury, that would sail on or after the fifteenth of June.

Such disappointed, he returned to his hotel, called for writing materials, dashed off a hasty letter to Mr. Chirnside, detailing all that had happened, sealed it, called a cab and drove rapidly to the Liverpool depot, which he reached just a few minutes before the cars left.

His errand to Liverpool was to learn whether within less than two weeks any vessel would leave that port for Baltimore. He discovered that there was one to sail in six days for Boston, one in a week to Halifax, and one in ten days for New Orleans. But as neither of these promised a quicker termination to his proposed voyage, or a speedier meeting with Stella than did the chances of the ship Mercury, he turned from Liverpool in disappointment.

He took the night train to Bristol, where he was more fortunate in finding a vessel—the "Queen Charlotte"—that would sail for Baltimore on or after the tenth of June. Upon further inquiry at cable ports, he found no more satisfactory prospect, and therefore he bespoke a passage on the Queen Charlotte.

He then went down to his seat in Dorsetshire, and employed the intervening time in making judicious arrangements for his estate, which, should he have found a vessel about immediately to sail for the United States, he would have left without any preparation have undertaken.

Within, however, it was a weary, weary season of days that passed before the tenth of June arrived, and Lord Montrevor found himself on board the good ship Queen Charlotte.

CHAPTER IX.

SHIPWRECK.

"Ah! many a dream was in that ship
An hour before her death;
And thoughts of home with sight's destined
The stranger's long absence cheered.
* * * * * *
A hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried over the deep;
And but one hundred and one
Shall wake from that sleep."

Her sails hath swum a billow mile,
Her planks are less smooth;
And down comes her mast with a rising shock,
And a hideous crash from below.
Her sails are dragged in the brine,
That gladdened late the billow;
And her pennant that kissed the fair moonshine,
Does many a ballast feel.
—Wilson.

It was a glorious summer morning, when the splendor of the sky, the sparkling brightness of the water, the exhilarating breeze on the decks, and in the books—all conspired to raise and cheer the spirits of the spectator.

At ten o'clock Lord Montrevor entered the long boat that was to convey him to the Queen Charlotte, where he found the captain, mate and men all engaged in the hearty work of preparation for getting under way. A fair wind had sprung up, and they were but waiting for the ebb tide. They had not to wait long. At the appointed time the tide began to ebb. The captain came upon deck, ordered his speaking-trumpet, and called out,

"All hands! Up anchor!"

In an instant every man was on deck.

"Each officer to post! Man the capstan! Stand by to let fall the top'sls. Heave round the capstan! Heave cruelly!"

"Ay, ay, sir! Anchor's apeak!"

"Heave! Heave round! Heave and trip the anchor!"

The men laid themselves to the bars, turned vigorously, and then stopped to breathe.

"A-trip it is, sir!" cried the mate.

The moment the anchor was a-trip the ship began to cast to leeward.

The captain shouted through his speaking-trumpet—

"Hoist the jib and the fore-to'mast stays'ils! Helm-a-starboard! So—steady—steady!"

"Ay, ay, sir! Steady it is!" responded the helmsman.

The crew worked heartily, the brace ship righted herself, the sails filled with the fresh wind, and the Queen Charlotte stood gallantly out to the Channel. A shout from the shore cheered her on.

But she was not a swift sailer, this homeward bound Queen Charlotte, any more than her royal namesake was a "fast woman." She was "slow and sure," slow and sea," like her good old majesty, the defunct queen. She was a heavy, old, old-fashioned, short and square-bowed brig, one of the last of her generation, and very similar in build and behavior to the long and narrow-decked, high-masted and rakish Baltimore clippers that were then in such high favor. In nautical parlance, as we also time, the Queen Charlotte left Lundy Island to leeward, spun out of the Channel and into the broad Atlantic.

The fair wind continued for several days, and yet the brig made but moderate progress. How she would possibly get up against a head-wind remained to be seen.

The season seemed to promise a continuance of the weather, and consequently a speedy voyage, for the violent spring gales were over and the latter summer storms were not due for two months more.

Yet they had not been at sea more than two weeks before the weather changed, the sky became dark and gloomy, the wind sprang up from the east, arose, and for several days the ship beat about in a high sea against a head-wind, scarcely able to go more than a few miles on her course.

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"The Queen Charlotte, Brownlee master, from Bristol to Baltimore! Who are you?"

"The Mercury, Captain Brandt, from London to Baltimore."

Almost as the spoke she bore rapidly down upon the brig, came alongside, and without stopping cleared and passed.

But among the passengers that crowded the upper deck, Lord Montrevor had recognized a man, whose appearance there sent all the blood from his heart to his head.

This man was Victoire L'Orient.

How came he there? What was his object?

Was the man going to Baltimore to pursue him? Why! What should carry him thither! Was he going on business? Likely! But he, perhaps, managed to keep up a system of espionage around her? Had he discovered her flight to America—to Baltimore? and would he pursue her thither and persecute her there?

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Within, however, it was a weary, weary season of days that passed before the tenth of June arrived, and Lord Montrevor found himself on board the good ship Queen Charlotte.

CHAPTER IX.

SHIPWRECK.

"Ah! many a dream was in that ship
An hour before her death;
And thoughts of home with sight's destined
The stranger's long absence cheered.
* * * * * *
A hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried over the deep;
And but one hundred and one
Shall wake from that sleep."

Her sails hath swum a billow mile,
Her planks are less smooth;
And down comes her mast with a rising shock,
And a hideous crash from below.
Her sails are dragged in the brine,
That gladdened late the billow;
And her pennant that kissed the fair moonshine,
Does many a ballast feel.
—Wilson.

It was a glorious summer morning, when the splendor of the sky, the sparkling brightness of the water, the exhilarating breeze on the decks, and in the books—all conspired to raise and cheer the spirits of the spectator.

At ten o'clock Lord Montrevor entered the long boat that was to convey him to the Queen Charlotte, where he found the captain, mate and men all engaged in the hearty work of preparation for getting under way. A fair wind had sprung up, and they were but waiting for the ebb tide. They had not to wait long. At the appointed time the tide began to ebb. The captain came upon deck, ordered his speaking-trumpet, and called out,

"All hands! Up anchor!"

In an instant every man was on deck.

"Each officer to post! Man the capstan! Stand by to let fall the top'sls. Heave round the capstan! Heave cruelly!"

"Ay, ay, sir! Anchor's apeak!"

"Heave! Heave round! Heave and trip the anchor!"

The men laid themselves to the bars, turned vigorously, and then stopped to breathe.

"A-trip it is, sir!" cried the mate.

The moment the anchor was a-trip the ship began to cast to leeward.

The captain shouted through his speaking-trumpet—

"Hoist the jib and the fore-to'mast stays'ils! Helm-a-starboard! So—steady—steady!"

"Ay, ay, sir! Steady it is!" responded the helmsman.

The crew worked heartily, the brace ship righted herself, the sails filled with the fresh wind, and the Queen Charlotte stood gallantly out to the Channel. A shout from the shore cheered her on.

But she was not a swift sailer, this homeward bound Queen Charlotte, any more than her royal namesake was a "fast woman." She was a "slow and sure," slow and sea," like her good old majesty, the defunct queen. She was a heavy, old, old-fashioned, short and square-bowed brig, one of the last of her generation, and very similar in build and behavior to the long and narrow-decked, high-masted and rakish Baltimore clippers that were then in such high favor. In nautical parlance, as we also time, the Queen Charlotte left Lundy Island to leeward, spun out of the Channel and into the broad Atlantic.

The fair wind continued for several days, and yet the brig made but moderate progress. How she would possibly get up against a head-wind remained to be seen.

The season seemed to promise a continuance of the weather, and consequently a speedy voyage, for the violent spring gales were over and the latter summer storms were not due for two months more.

Yet they had not been at sea more than two weeks before the weather changed, the sky became dark and gloomy, the wind sprang up from the east, arose, and for several days the ship beat about in a high sea against a head-wind, scarcely able to go more than a few miles on her course.

Such disappointed, he returned to his hotel, called for writing materials, dashed off a hasty letter to Mr. Chirnside, detailing all that had happened, sealed it, called a cab and drove rapidly to the Liverpool depot, which he reached just a few minutes before the cars left.

His errand to Liverpool was to learn whether within less than two weeks any vessel would leave that port for Baltimore. He discovered that there was one to sail in six days for Boston, one in a week to Halifax, and one in ten days for New Orleans. But as neither of these promised a quicker termination to his proposed voyage, or a speedier meeting with Stella than did the chances of the ship Mercury, he turned from Liverpool in disappointment.

He took the night train to Bristol, where he was more fortunate in finding a vessel—the "Queen Charlotte"—that would sail for Baltimore on or after the tenth of June. Upon further inquiry at cable ports, he found no more satisfactory prospect, and therefore he bespoke a passage on the Queen Charlotte.

He then went down to his seat in Dorsetshire, and employed the intervening time in making judicious arrangements for his estate, which, should he have found a vessel about immediately to sail for the United States, he would have left without any preparation have undertaken.

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"The Queen Charlotte, Brownlee master, from Bristol to Baltimore! Who are you?"

"The Mercury, Captain Brandt, from London to Baltimore."

Almost as the spoke she bore rapidly down upon the brig, came alongside, and without stopping cleared and passed.

But among the passengers that crowded the upper deck, Lord Montrevor had recognized a man, whose appearance there sent all the blood from his heart to his head.

This man was Victoire L'Orient.

How came he there? What was his object?

Was the man going to Baltimore to pursue him? Why! What should carry him thither! Was he going on business? Likely! But he, perhaps, managed to keep up a system of espionage around her? Had he discovered her flight to America—to Baltimore? and would he pursue her thither and persecute her there?

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The young girl came, and leaning upon her broom as she stood before him, looked up in his face. She had never looked prettier than then, with the flush of healthful exercise on her cheek, and the joy of an active, even temperament sparkling in her eyes; and the inflammable heart of her cousin beat fast and quick.

"Put down the broom, Susy, and sit down here with me."

He spoke so gravely, that she looked in his face with surprise—but obeyed him without a word.

He took her small brown hand in his. It had been darkened and hardened by constant labor, but he only thought of its pretty shape, and how well a plain, gold ring would look upon the third finger.

"Susan," he said, plunging, "in media res" at once, like a brave fellow, "I have been thinking that I should like to get married."

Susan blushed and played with her apron string.

"And I want you for my wife," pursued her eager wooer.

"Why, Charley Eastman, what nonsense you are talking!"

The sunburned cheek of the girl flushed to a deeper red, though, as she spoke, and Charley saw, by the half smile that played around her mouth, that she was not very seriously offended.

"It isn't nonsense, Susy. I am in earnest, and I wish you would be. Come, Susy, say yes."

"Nonsense—let me go."

"Not till you answer me," said Charley, resolutely, holding fast the hand that tried to free itself. "See—there is father coming up from the barn after me. Now before he gets here, you must give me an answer. Which shall it be, Susy—yes or no?"

The girl was silent till the farmer had nearly reached them. Then she tried to escape again.

"Let me go, Charley—let me go."

"Tell me then which it shall be."

"Oh, dear—what will uncle say!—Well—yes—then, if you will have it so. Now let me go."

"Give me a kiss first;" and catching his betrothed bride in his arms, he kissed her, very unceremoniously, much to the astonishment of his father, who reached the doorstep, just as the blushing Susan snatched up her broom and ran away.

"Charles, my son, what does this mean?" asked the farmer, looking sternly at the boy

"Nothing, father—only you are going to have Susy for a daughter one of these days."

"Ah." The farmer paused to digest the idea, and smiled graciously. But turning to his son, who was going whistling toward the field, with his hands in his pocket, he added sagely—

"For all that sir—I am very glad you think of marrying the girl but you may as well do your kissing in the house, in future."

"All right, sir!" and Charley walked off, thinking what a simple affair courtship was, after all, and wondering why "Edgar and Belinda" made use of so many large words and fine phrases, when a simple question and answer would have done quite as well.

It was known all over the village, before long, that Charley and Susan were to be married. Charley was considered a lucky fellow, by all who knew the notable qualities of his bride elect;—I suppose he considered himself so, likewise. He knew Susan would make a good wife—but he did wish, sometimes, that she would not think so often of the churning or baking, when she was with him, or leave him so often, to see to pickles and preserves, when he felt particularly affectionate and romantic. Still, the two years slipped by, and not a doubt of her fitness for the place she was about to fill, or his affection for her, entered Charley's mind, till the Sunday before his wedding day.

He was sitting between Susan and his father, in the old-fashioned pew at church, with his mind running a long way from the sermon which the good minister had just commenced, when his eyes, in wandering over the seats, fell upon a face that made him start. It was that of a girl some eighteen years of age, who sat in the deacon's pew, beside the deacon's daughter, Ellen Clark. She did not look like Mr. Clark, or any of the family. He could see, even when she was sitting down that she was tall, and slender, and elegantly formed—he saw, moreover, that one of the whitest and smallest hands, ungloved, and with a diamond ring sparkling on the third finger, supported her oval cheek. Her face was not beautiful—but it was intellectual—dreamy—everything he had fancied in the ideal woman he had once loved—her hair, of a soft, light brown, waved over her broad temples in heavy bands, and her dark, blue eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon the floor, as if her thoughts were also far away. Charley gazed at her with his soul in his eyes. The deacon was not in his pew, and a portly, middle-aged gentleman who occupied his place, was sound asleep, so there was no one to rebuke him. At once the secret of his indifference to his betrothed wife rose up before him. He had never really loved her, and now, meeting the woman who was his fate, he could not stir to win her. He cursed the hour in which he first thought of love, and wiped the cold dew from his forehead, as he gazed at the stranger. She roused herself from her reverie, with a gentle sigh, and those dark, blue eyes, glancing round at the congregation, met those of Charley Eastman. I do not know what she read in those hazel orbs—but at first she looked astonished, and then a deep crimson glow suffused her face. She turned away, and Charley dropped his eyes, fearful of giving her pain. But all through the sermon, that face was in his mind, and he was saying to himself—"Oh, if I had only seen her before—if I were only free to try to win her now!"

When the service was ended, and every one turned to go home, he looked once more towards the deacon's pew. The lady had risen, and the portly gentleman was folding her silken scarf over shoulders a sculptor would have envied for a model. He saw her draw on her white kid gloves, and come down the aisle, leaning on the arm of the gentleman. He waited, with Susan standing close beside him, and as she passed, the fringe of her scarf caught in his pew. With trembling fingers he disengaged it, and the lady looking up to thank him, met his eyes once more. Again that crimson tide flushed her face, but she bowed coldly and passed on. Charley went home in a state of mind bordering on distraction. He did not even know her name, and on the following Wednesday he was to be married.

But Susan was more fortunate. Calling at Deacon Clark's, on the following day, she was introduced to the stranger from New York, and left an invitation for her to attend the wedding. Poor Charley knew nothing of this, and it did not detract from his embarrassment, when, on the wedding evening, he entered the parlor of the old homestead, with his bride, to see the lady of whom he had thought and dreamed constantly, leaning quietly on the arm of the old gentleman whom he had begun to hate, and waiting to see *him* married! The room seemed to whirl before him, and he was pale and silent as he stood before the clergyman. How *could* he speak the vows that bound him to another, while she was so near him! But it was done, and standing like one in a dream, beside his bride, Charley received the congratulations of the company. *She* stood before him, and kissing the bride, bowed gracefully to him. Charley gazed upon her in anguish—she was lost to him forever.

"Bless me," said Susan, in a bustling way that jarred painfully upon his excited nerves, "I forgot to introduce you to our new friends. Mr. Charles Eastman—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vane."

Charley bowed, but turned still paler than ever. She, too, was married—the man he had taken for a father or uncle was her husband! The color forsook his lips and cheek—he staggered and fell, fainting, at her feet.

There was a terrible confusion in the room, for a fainting fit, among these strong men and women, was a most unusual occurrence. When Charley opened his eyes, his head was resting on Susan's bosom, and the white hand of Mrs. Vane was bathing his temples with water. But when she saw that he was conscious, she rose up and passed into the garden, with his brother James.

It was but a few moments' work for him to overrule all the objections of Susan, and invite all the company there. He saw them scatter through the quiet walks—and saw Susan, arm in arm with Ellen Clark, before he started in search of Mrs. Vane. He found her alone leaning against the stone wall, with a cluster of white roses in her hand.

"You here!" she said, in astonishment, looking up in his pale face.

"Yes—will you give me one of those roses?" he asked, abruptly.

She gave it with a careless smile, and drew her shawl around her with a slight shiver.

"It is cold," she said, turning away. "Where are they all?"

"Stay one moment," murmured Charley, forgetting everything. But she did not hear him, and gliding gracefully along the walk, she went to meet her husband, who was approaching, and taking his arm, went into the house.

Charley Eastman sank down against the cold stone wall, and pressed the white rose to his lips.

"It is the only token I shall ever have of her," he murmured. "But if God had willed it how I might have loved that woman."

Calmed and soothed by the burning tears that had bedewed the poor, pale flower, he placed it next his heart, and returned to the house. The guests were departing, and he was just in time to see her wave her hand, as she rode away in Deacon Clark's great wagon, by the side of her husband. She had an elegant home in the gay city of New York. He knew that she was to return to it on the morrow, and that it was improbable that they should ever meet again. He gazed after her, and sighed; then followed Susan into the parlor where his father and mother sat, and closed the door. He shut out love and beauty—but he had had his wish.

He was a married man!

CHAPTER II.

More close and close his footsteps wind;
The magic music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
The quiet sleeper, far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark—
He stoops to kiss her—on his knee
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be!"
TENNYSON.

The married life of Charley Eastman was what might have been expected from his wedding-day. As the years went on, his parents died, and his younger brother married Ellen Clark, the deacon's daughter, and he and Susan were left alone in the old homestead. They had no children. Perhaps they might have loved each other better had such been the case. As it was, they were a quiet, sober couple, living peaceably, if not happily, together, and fast laying up those riches, which to the dreamy Charley, were of little account. He superintended the farm, it is true, but it was evident his heart was not in his work. His happiest hours were spent in the old parlor at home, over his books, or in the house of his brother James. A little child, with dark-blue eyes and sunny hair, often sat upon his knee, while he was there, and prattled to him without fear. His little niece was named Georgia, after the friend Ellen had loved so well. It might be for this reason that he held the child so often upon his knee, and kissed its fair, open forehead.

To Susan, he was always kind and indulgent. No word had ever passed his lips to cause her unhappiness. She thought herself his first and only love, and was perfectly satisfied with the quiet way in which he showed his affection. It was well for her that she could not look into the heart, upon which her head had so often rested. But though Charley could not quite forget the vision that had dawned upon him, only to fade, he never let her suspect his secret—never let her know that in the private drawer of his secretary, a faded and withered white rose, encased in a golden locket, was treasured as the dearest thing he held on earth.

For twelve years, Susan was the presiding divinity of his home; but death comes alike to the busy and the idle. It came to her, while all her household duties were around her. Her husband entered the parlor one morning, where she was lying sick, with a cluster of roses and violets for her. She smiled faintly—

"They are very pretty, Charley—but the rose-leaves are good to dry. I am glad you got them, though."

He stooped down and kissed her, as he laid the flowers upon her pillow. She smiled—put her feeble arm around his neck, and closed her eyes with a sigh of satisfaction. He did not move lest he should disturb her. But by and by the slack arm fell, of its own accord, and the cheek pressed against his own, grew cold. She had gone from him—gone gently, lovingly, and tenderly. He thanked God for that—and that the last act of his during her life had been a kindness and a caress for her. It would be wrong to say he did not mourn for his wife when the grave had covered her from his sight. For twelve years they had never been separated, and he was lonely and lost in his great house, when her coffin was carried out. All the memory of her kindness came up before him too forcibly to be borne. His brother James returned with his family to take possession of the old homestead; and the widower set out on a long and aimless journey—that in seeing new places and persons he might forget his sorrow.

Two years had passed away before he returned. His carriage stopped at the village tavern, whose landlord, though one of his old playmates, failed to recognize him under the disguise of a luxuriant beard and moustache. A sudden whim seized him. He would visit his family as a stranger, and see if they would recognize him. No sooner had he conceived this plan than he hastened to put it in execution.

It was twilight when he lifted the latch of the front yard gate. A boy some six years old was playing among the shrubbery with a little girl of three, in whom Charley had no difficulty in recognizing his pet, little Georgia. He stopped and looked at them.

"Where is your father, my lad?" he asked carelessly.

"My father? He died when I was only a little baby," said the lad, shaking his brown hair from his forehead, and looking up in astonishment. Charley started as he met those deep blue eyes. It was the faithful copy of *her* face that was smiling on him now. He passed his hand over his eyes, indignant at his own weakness.

"If you would like to see my mother," continued the boy, who was uneasy at the stranger's silence, "she is in the parlor yonder," and he pointed to the half-open door. "Shall I show you the way?"

"No—yes," said Charley, hastily, while a wild hope, too wild, he thought, to be real, shot through his heart. "I can find my way, and you must stay here to play with the little girl. What is your name, my boy?"

"Charley, sir."

Charley! His own name! Could it be she had also remembered him? He sprang up the path, and entered the parlor, impatient to know his fate. But he checked himself upon the threshold, as the golden light of the dying day showed him the occupant of the room.

Georgia had been reading, sitting upon a low stool, with her book lying in a great easy chair before her. But the warmth of the day, the solitude of the room, or the stupidity of the author, had sent her sound asleep, and she was lying then before him with her head bowed upon her clasped hands, and resting on the book. He walked softly across the room and stood beside her, so that he could see her face. She looked a little older, but the color on lip and cheek was bright as ever, her brown hair, slightly loosened, had fallen over her white neck, and the hand that lay so listlessly beneath her cheek, was still white, and elegantly formed, and glittering with the diamond which had been her wedding ring. But for the dress of black, and the boy with blue eyes who was playing in the garden, he could scarcely have realized that fourteen years had passed over that graceful head, and slender form—that fourteen years had striven in vain to drive her image from his constant heart.

He forgot that in that very room he had been married to another—that the coffin of his dead wife had rested almost where Georgia was now slumbering so sweetly—he only remembered that the only woman he had ever loved was then before him, and that he was free. He sank down upon his knee and watched her. Her warm, light breath was upon his cheek, intoxicating him with joy. Hardly conscious of what he was doing, he came closer—closer—and pressed his lips to hers in a long lingering kiss. She started in her sleep—he sprang to his feet, and when she opened her eyes, he stood upon the threshold of the open door.

With the kiss, of which she had supposed she dreamed, still lingering upon her lips, she rose hurriedly, and came forward to meet the stranger. In the imperfect light she failed to recognize him. He took the chair she gave him, and sat down beside her.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mrs. Vane, formerly of New York?" he asked, in an assumed voice.

'You have, sir."

"My errand is with you. Have you any recollection of the former owner of this house?"

"Do you mean Char—— Mr. Eastman?" she asked.

'Charley Eastman—yes," replied the stranger. "You remember he went on a long journey, two years ago."

"I do."

"Have you ever heard from him during his absence, Madam?"

"Not directly—though I have sometimes seen his letters to his brother But what do all these questions mean?"

"Be patient, and you shall know. Do you remember his last interview with you, on his wedding-day, some fourteen years ago?"

The widow blushed deeply.

"I do."

"You gave him then a single white rose."

'How came you to know all this—and why do you ask all these questions?" she asked nervously.

"Because I have come to bring you back that rose. It was his wish."

He placed the locket in the hand that was mechanically extended to receive it, and rose as if to go.

"Stay," she gasped—"tell me more."

"He loved you, Mrs. Vane, with all his heart. But he was married, and so were you, and honor kept him silent. What he suffered, only God and himself can know. Keep the rose, if only in respect to the unfortunate passion you inspired."

"Where is he?" she asked eagerly.

The stranger looked at her sadly.

"What if he were dead, Mrs. Vane!"

The color faded from lip and check in a moment, and she bent her head upon the faded rose with a bitter cry.

"Dead! dead! And he never knew how I loved him!" In a second, Charley was at her feet.

"Oh, Georgia—my life—my love—can it be possible? Forgive me—I only wished to try my fate. I never dreamed you loved me. Look up, my darling, and smile on me!"

"Charley—Charley, is it indeed you?"

The sudden surprise was too much—she threw her arms around his neck, and wept. It was long before they were calm again.

"But I never dreamed you loved me," repeated Charley, when they were sitting side by side for the first time.

"You never would have known it, had we not both been free," she answered, with a sad smile. "I tried to forget you—I had a kind and gentle husband, and I tried to give him all my thoughts. We were happy, and he loved me dearly. Had he lived—had she lived, I should never have seen you again; but now, thank God—now it is no sin!"

"Thank God, it is no sin!" repeated the happy lover, as he drew her graceful head upon the breast where he had never thought it would lie!

The two brothers still live in the old homestead, and the little Charley and Georgia are constant playmates. It is the dream and hope of Ellen Eastman's life, that they may grow up to love each other—but Georgia, the elder, only smiles at the idea.

And Charley is happy. There are no more vague repinings—no unsatisfied yearnings to torment his heart. His home is a quiet and beautiful spot, and the two children who play around him, are dear as his own could be. But best and brightest of all in his eyes, is that lovely wife, still fair and graceful as when she won his untutored heart in his early years, and loving him with a love that "passeth the love of woman," and fills his life with joy and peace.

SOCIETY.—"Be prosperous and happy, never require our services, and we will remain your friends." This is not what society says, but it is the principle on which it acts.

LIFE'S EARLY DAY.

A Song.

BY C. D. STUART.

O, who has not welcomed in life's early day
The first gleam of Spring-time, the morning of May,
When life was all sunshine, and gladness, and glee,
And storms were but zephyrs just wing'd from the sea,
Which, stealing along over perfum'd parterres,
Awoke every feeling save sadness and tears.

Then the freshness of life was all warm on the cheek,
No object seemed cold, and no prospect look'd bleak,
No fear of the future to sadden the heart,
Or sorrow, unkindness, or grief to impart—
While the newness of life to each moment gave zest—
O, 'tis pity we cannot be always so blest.

But youth, like the dream that our fancy beguiles,
Ne'er heeds the illusion lain hid in its wiles,
Till time comes to tell us its beauty is flown,
Its tinting, its perfume, its brilliancy gone—
And the glow of the past but adds gloom to the scene,
Render'd dark by the mem'ry of what it has been.

GROWING BEAUTIFUL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You remember Kate Maxwell?" said a lady friend, an old acquaintance. We had met at an evening party, and were talking of auld lang syne.

"Very well," I answered. "It would be difficult to forget her homely face."

"How long is it since you saw her?" inquired my friend.

"It must be several years. I think it was in 18— that her family removed from the city."

"Yes, it was in that year."

"It is unfortunate to be so homely," said I.

"A beautiful spirit is more to be desired than a beautiful person," remarked the lady.

"True," I replied, "The eye's brightness, and the skin's pearly lustre are but transient; while the soul's beauty is imperishable. Kate was a good girl, for all her singularly unattractive exterior."

"She had many true friends," said the lady, "and they were all of the better class—better, I mean, in its right sense."

I was about changing the subject of conversation, when my companion directed my attention to a young lady, the centre of a group of three or four ladies and gentlemen. She was talking with some animation, and there was a glow of feeling, and a play of thought in her face, which, though not possessing a feature that might be called handsome, had something in it that was singularly attractive.

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"Don't you know her?" said my friend, smiling.

"The face is quite familiar. I ought to know her. But I am in doubt as to her identity."

"Let me mention her name."

"Do so, if you please."

"Kate Maxwell."

"Impossible! It may be a cousin, or a sister. But not homely Kate Maxwell." I was incredulous.

"It is Kate herself. Hasn't she improved?"

"Wonderfully! Why she is really growing handsome! Has she discovered the fountain of beauty?"

"She has been drinking of its waters for years," replied my earnest friend.

"I must renew our acquaintance," said I. And we walked together across the room. A nearer view was not the breaking of an illusion. The smile of true pleasure that lit up her countenance, as she recognized me, covered every plain feature like a veil of transparent light. How remarkably was she changed!

Later in the evening, I had a quiet talk with her—first about old times, and then upon a variety of themes suggested by the occasion, or coming into thought spontaneously. What an exquisite perception of things true and beautiful she had! Her thought was lucid as crystal. But most apparent was her interest in all things pure and good in our common humanity. In speaking of others she seemed to take a peculiar delight in magnifying their excellencies.

Present, in that company, was another maiden, whom I had known for years. She and Kate had been intimate before the latter removed to another city. They were much together, and people of a certain class used to say that Nancy Lee was incapable of a sincere friendship for any one, and only associated intimately with Kate Maxwell, in order that she might have a foil to her beauty. This was stating the case a little too strongly, and the remark had its origin in a certain smartness of speech cultivated by many persons, and which is very nearly allied to ill-nature. Nancy Lee had regular features, and a face narrowed to fine oval. Her lips were moderately full, and of faultless outline; her chin slightly prominent; her neck queenly; her eyes dark, large and lustrous, with long fringing lids that lay like shadowy lines upon her cheeks. Every one pronounced her beautiful at a glance; and those who met her for the first time, turned to gaze at her again. And yet the oftener you looked into her face, the less satisfied were you with its beauty. Something was lacking. It was not that you felt, as when looking at a statue, that soul was wanting; for taking up the sculptor's ideal, thought creates a soul even more beautiful in its diviner attributes than the chiseled marble; but, it was the glimpses of the soul, less beautiful than its investure, caught now and then through revealing expressions, that was forever disappointing the half entranced beholder.

The beauty of Nancy Lee did not grow upon you. The more intimately you became acquainted with her, the more indifferent did you become to her personal attractions. As she stood beside Kate Maxwell again, after the lapse of four years, the beauty of the one, and the exceeding plainness of the other, did not strike you as remarkable. That conscious beauty, which is really so unbeautiful, was eclipsed by the unconscious soul-beauty in the face of the lovelier maiden.

Almost involuntarily I made the two countenances a study. In all the physical elements of beauty, taking feature by feature, and comparing one with the other, the contrast was ludicrously against the homelier one. A single instance will show this—as in the long, dark lashes of the one, and the thin white lashes of the other, that did not even hide the coral-tinted lids. But, looking away from single features, and from mere physical elements, and the beauty of the former lost much of its power, while the lack of beauty in the other ceased to appear as a defect. In the conversation of Nancy Lee I found nothing of interest. Her mind seemed to be asleep to all but the little outside world of fashion and pleasure. But every word that fell from the lips of Kate Maxwell stirred some thought in my mind, or sent some newly awakened ripple, glittering in sunshine, over the waters of feeling.

Not in my eyes alone was the change in our gentle friend apparent. All of her old acquaintances were struck with it, and from more than one, I heard the remark—

"Really, Kate Maxwell is growing beautiful!"

And so she was, with a beauty imperishable as eternity.

"How is it," said a young man, who had known Kate during her former residence in the city, but had not been over attentive to her—he was not then old enough, or wise enough to see below the mere surface, and distinguish between the real and the apparent. "How is it, that Kate Maxwell compares so much more favorably now with her '*foil*,' as we used to call her, than she did a few years ago? I do not see that the color of her hair or eye-brows is at all improved, nor that her nose has gained a single classic outline, nor that her complexion is better. And yet she is no longer a foil to Nancy Lee, but holds her own in the comparison. I think Nancy has changed some. There is an expression in her face that repels rather than attracts—a homeliness of feeling, so to speak, that is to me repulsive. On the contrary, I have looked into Kate's face more than once this evening, when it seemed radiant with beauty. What does it mean?"

My lady friend, of whom I spoke in the beginning, was present, and as I perceived her face brightening, I thought it best to let her answer the query.

"You saw," she replied, with the fine enthusiasm of her character, "the soul shining through the body's transparent veil—a veil that, strive as we may to render it opaque, grows thinner and thinner as our true life gains strength, until it no longer hides the spirit's true quality, but suffers it to reveal itself in beauty or deformity. Some people grow plainer as they grow older, and some more lovely in exterior. Need I state the reason?"

"No," said the young man, into whose mind a flood of light seemed breaking. "The reason is apparent enough. Only the good are really beautiful."

"Truly spoken," was answered. "The fabled fountain of eternal youth and beauty is the fountain of celestial love, drinking at which we grow more and more into the likeness of those radiant ones, whose highest joy is found in doing good. The origin of beauty is not in nature—there we see only its perishing form, and we are ever marring it by evil passion and selfish desire. But, why need I seek to illustrate what is so self-evident? Your own words carry with them an undoubting conviction. Only the good are really beautiful."

After this brief conversation, I noticed that the young man, who had hardly been civil to Kate a few years before, kept close to her side during the remainder of the evening. It was plain that, in his eyes, she was growing more and more beautiful every moment.

I did not meet this gentle friend again for three years, though I could not fail to hold her in pleasant remembrance, and then it was as the bride of the young man just referred to, who had a soul capable of appreciating that true beauty which fades not in the corroding atmosphere of time. In this new relation to life, Kate had returned to her native town, and I met her at a large party given on the wedding occasion by the friends of her husband. She was standing in a group of ladies as I entered the crowded rooms, and so changed in three years that I was in doubt as to her identity. At the last meeting I had not perceived any change in the physical lines of beauty, but only a shining through the plain face of her beautiful spirit. But her soul had a freer, outward development, as well as a more interior life. The deep joy of loving and being beloved had awakened new delights that pervaded her whole being, and recorded themselves in every feature and expression. Love had become her very life, and its transforming power was seen in the gradual softening of harsher outlines, and in touches of beauty here and there, scarcely recognized each by itself, but pleasing the sight in their combined harmonies. I said that she was standing in a group of ladies as I entered the room. One of these was Nancy Lee, also a bride, and in all her bridal attractions. She had loaded herself with ornaments, and was dressed in a showy costume, all intended to heighten her personal charms. She stood in the eyes of all a conscious beauty, and her young husband felt very proud at being the possessor of so much loveliness. But few, I think, envied him who were capable of appreciating the soul-beauty of Kate, so strongly contrasted with the mere flesh and blood beauty of his bride, as she stood, unconscious of a single personal attraction, by the side of her old friend and companion. The effect of the two faces, as transformed by living affections, was remarkable.

From that time I met the two young brides often, and could always see new evidences of the changing power of their interior lives. To the one I was attracted, from the other repelled. The one appeared to grow less selfish, and more lovely all the while; the other more worldly-minded, more heartless, and more unpleasing to the eye. Contentment enthroned itself on the brow of one; discontent on that of the other.

It is now ten years since their bridal, and ever since, this change has been progressing—Kate growing lovelier all the while, and her old friend fading into a coarse, showy, sensual beauty; a seeker of that admiration which is deceived by cosmetic arts. At home, in the eyes of her husband, the latter scarcely exhibits a single personal charm, so completely has her spirit transfixed itself into her face; while in the home of Kate, everything seems to have taken a portion of beauty from her beautiful soul, to reflect it back upon her as from a mirror. Daily, hourly, momently, she is growing more beautiful; and this will progress until she attains the transcendant loveliness of an angel. Only strangers, at a first meeting, see her face as a plain one. To her friends it is always full of attractions, for every feature is an index and a remembrance of spiritual graces that adorn her life and render her a true friend, loving companion, and teacher by example of those sweet virtues that are born of a diviner influence.

ROBERT ALLAN.

Oh! the haughty, Arab blackness
Of the wild locks curling low,
O'er the brow of Robert Allan,
That is whiter than the snow!
Oh! the eyes of shadowy splendor,
Dark and haunting as the night,—
Oh! the dainty lids that ever
Keep away the morning light!

Pale the young hands, full of roses,
Lie upon his shrouded breast—
And the young face smiles serenely
With the beauty of his rest!
Sleep, oh, lost one! never waken,
Till you feel my hand in yours—
And you hear my footsteps falling
Mid the never-dying flowers.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

LOVE.—Humboldt notices that the streams in America run languidly in the night, and await the rising of the sun to quicken their flight. Love is to the heart what the sun is to our American streams—it moves languidly in its absence.

SHORT MEMORIES.—There are no memories so short as those of the parvenu, and the ungrateful man; the first forgets himself, and the second his friends.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Esqr. and Proprietor.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts

NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.

Doubtless a deeper feeling of individual responsibility, and a better adaptation of means to the fields of labor, are necessary to bring about a better state of society, and a better condition for the individual members of it. But while the means are the fail adaptation of talent and means to pursuits, no success can succeed, as a general principle, who has not a fixed and resolute purpose in his mind, and an unswerving faith that he can accomplish that purpose. It is the taking hold of the plough and looking back at the furrow, instead of forward to the unbroken soil, that causes so many failures. There is, with a great majority of men, a want of energy in the whatever plans they undertake. They start out as though they doubted that life had earnest and decided pathways; as though they were to encompass but the shifting winds, with each of which they must change their course. Thus they beat about on the ocean of life, and are driven here and there on delightful islands or mainlands.

Those who are familiar with the British history will remember the incident which inspired the following: Some to be executed on the order of his country. Lying in a shed, despairing over his fate, he saw a spider striving to reach the ceiling by a slender web. Again and again it fell, but at length it struggled up and fell fastened. But the ceiling was too distant, and it returned disheartened to its task. It got greater vigor to the trial. Obstacles only stimulated it, and at length it triumphed. The despairing Bruce made the faithful instinct of the spider his lesson; it gave him a new inspiration, and he went forth to beat back the English, and to win the triumph over England, and to become a hero and a king.

It is this spirit of earnest, hopeful, and constant faith that wants in preparing for any object he has set before him. His motto must be "There is no such word as fail." No matter if we are poor, friendless or fame,—new chances conspicuous, scarcely conceivable in themselves—without encountering obstacles, and at times almost despairing of success. It is the great virtue and glory of life to battle the waves and triumph the storm, as those do who dare with a good purpose is surely rewarded. Suppose Columbus had yielded to the murmurs around him, in his search for a new hemisphere—suppose the mariner, with his sails beat for gold coasts of spice islands, was not to encounter the hurricane current or hailing wind, would the new hemisphere have been found, or the gold coasts and spice islands be gained? Life, with every man, is a league on the sea of time. Every man is on a voyage and has a port to gain. He selects his port, and he must start with undeviating compass and, against wind and tide, brave the sea. He will never reach it. With the brave, consideration and there is no such word as "fail."

RIDING THE BEAUTIFUL.

We have often thought that many of the wealthy citizens of taste among us, who have accumulated fine galleries of paintings, statuary, and other ornaments of the kind, would confer a favor on the community of them *daily* hours—which afford lovers of the beautiful in art great gratification, and do public honor, by rendering their collections of art more accessible, under proper restrictions, to such as desire and would delight to enjoy their beauties. Such is very largely the habit of a similar class in the Old World—particularly in England. Their hospitality and courtesy are nearly all pervaded and possessors of choice works of art. It seems to us that it should be a matter of pride with the owners of engraving fine galleries, to have them seen as largely as possible by appreciative persons. But whether so or not, it is due to art, as it is to the beautiful and those who enjoy it, that there be some by a private collection numerical circulation of the advantageous available in proportion as they are a source of education and refinement, and elevate the lives works of art—save only private portraits—being open, whenever proper application is made to the mantle, in the world. For the world the genius of art was inspired to create them. If some of our merchant princes would think of this, and help broaden the avenues to the beautiful in art, it would be a feature of liberality and true public spirit to the character of our city. It would remind the world of the golden era of Greece, when the poor refreshed by the multitude in the groves; when the philosopher freely mingled with the rich and the peck of the keeper, when the painter and sculptor wrought their glorious works to win the admiration of the people—of mankind. The beautiful was no hidden, but revealed.

NOTICE.

IN OUR NEXT NUMBER we will commence Mr. Cobb's new story. It is a tale in the preparation of which the author has expended much labor, and he is himself of the opinion that it is the best story he has ever written. We have ourselves read it with a great deal of pleasure, and agree with him. But, next week, our readers will see it, and then they can judge for themselves.

VANITY.

VANITY.—The virtue that ripels by its sweetness makes few converts; but that which attracts by its charity, incites all to esteem, if not to follow its precepts.

SORROW.

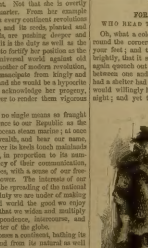
SORROW.—Sorrow is to youth what experience is to maturity.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

FOR THE CHILDREN
WHO READ THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

Oh, what a cold night it was! The wind blew round the corners strong enough to lift you off your feet; and the stars glittered over head so bright, that it seemed as if the sun could never again quench out their beams. It was only half between one and two o'clock. Every body who had a shelter had gone to find it. Not even a dog would willingly have crept out on such a bitter night; and yet there stood a man, apparently as free as himself.



He was another—young and hopeful like himself, who was not afraid to lose him company on life's journey. And so the two, man and wife, rich and poor, went on their way hand in hand, ready for the withered hand of blessing; and as their path took a sudden turn, they left upon their ears, "Good night, and God bless you!" The poor boy stifled "aye—aye," seemed to take the load from off her heart, and she thought of it no more.

And so farewell was said, and the strong vessel bore away its precious freight of human life. The huge waves as a child would play with a miniature. There were rough old sailors on board, and fragile women, and children little of age. Some were said all had strong ties to life; fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, whom they left behind, and were going to meet. But John and his young wife had no relatives to meet on the other shore; could fancy no evil that could befal them, while God spared them, and their old mother, to each other. And so for a long time they stood to and to cross the ocean; the voyage was soon made—the last day arrived—the parting, the weeping, sorrow and the young couple, full of hope, landed on the shores of the New World. Here they were to find all but strong ties to life; fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, whom they had left behind,

RIGHT AND WRONG.

BY ALICE CARY.

The sunflower feels not lower the way
Her gay shell-colors, as well as we
The road of Right, yet every day
We and with conscience constantly

Hinting pretence of ignorance,
Or frankly to the law within,
And consciously entering choose
The liberty of secret sin.

That we may step at pleasure, back
From Wrong, Misdeed or Infamy,
We leave revealed, no matter how,
Men straightly parallel with Right.

THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

A TALE OF

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE."

BY DR. S. P. BROONSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

The following morning, the minister desired a detailed history of the Count de Vega's life and duties on the widow's estate; after which he dismissed him as before, with a request to "call again to-morrow."

On the morning of the fourth day, Ramiro appeared in search of the epistolary scribe, and but gently drew him out into a general conversation on the most politic lines of conduct to enforce on the government of individuals, then of society, and then of the State; at the conclusion of which he bade him call several days thereafter.

On the fifth day, the minister resumed the topics discussed at the previous interview, taking them up, one by one, and sounding the count's views to their lowest bases, and swiftly leading him out on paper, was finance, justice, commerce, agriculture and endowering, but vainly, to take him beyond his depth. But the meditations of three-and-twenty years had not been in vain to the count, who, naturally profound, was now also able to retain the intellectual cunning of the minister with wit equally as bold keen, and as almost to lure him into positions from which with all his skill he found it impossible to extricate himself. At the close of the debate, Ramiro was thus enabled to confess that while on nearly all points he had encountered a foeman worthy of his steel, he many he had been most vigorously vanquished. It was the same the next day, and the day after, and the day following that, by which time the count had got fairly warmed up, when the minister came to the unbalancing question that for one in his life he had found a rival who was more than his peer. And still he alienated the secretary not one jot or tittle to day with. "That will do for the present; call again at the hour to-morrow?"

This was the state of affairs when Louz made his triumphant entry into the capital, and by that bold achievement became at once the favorite and the admiration of every tongue.

The court called at the palace of the prime minister on the following morning with a proud step.

"Sir, sir," said Ramiro, with affected severity, "not content with chanting my administration by fielding me defiance in person for three-and-twenty years, you must make a crowning effort to share the imbecility of my mounted police, who have been turning five years to perform what you, through your son, have accomplished in a single night."

"Your lordship gives me too much credit," said the count, perceiving the state of his mind. "I had no knowledge of my boy's relinquishment of his post, nor of his imprisonment in the mountain, and still less of his design to capture his captors."

"Umph—perhaps not. But you are not sorry for it, I presume?"

"I certainly do not regret, my lord, that my gallant boy's first essay in life has been of marked service to himself and to the state."

"Donna Isabella de la Montera!" said the usher.

The minister seeing the count rise, held up his finger to the usher, while he asked—

"Does the woman know you?"

"I cannot tell, my lord. It is some years——"

"Then remain where you are. She will not recognize you in your fine'y gown, and as the lady," he added to the usher.

"Am I not, my lord?" demanded the widow, pausing almost at the threshold, and glancing at the stranger with an air of diffidence.

"The widow of my kinsman? I know it cannot think so," answered the minister, gallantly. "But have is it that one to whom I am under such obligations absents herself from my poor house so long? Believe me, we had suffered a great affront, lady."

"You are very kind, my lord. I have come to request your favor towards one who has come to the capital to try his fortune."

"You trust to which my services, and whatever assistance I can give him shall be freely rendered. His name?"

"Leon ——"

"His majesty, the king!" interrupted the usher.

"The lady here to exact her influence for my son!" muttered de Vega, in astonishment. "What can this mean?"

"Good morrow, my lord!" said the king, hurriedly entering the cabinet. "Is not this our new alcove?" he added, bowing gracefully to the lady and the two. "Let me not disturb you. While taking my morning ride, I thought I could not do less than step in to inquire how my faithful servant had spent the night."

"Happily, I thank your majesty," replied the flattered minister.

"Good! You have taken a painful load from off my heart. But where the papers relative to the much wronged De Vega, for which you applied some days ago. I thought I would sign them this morning, and bring them to you in person. They are all here and duly executed—the pardon, the restoration of the noble gentleman to his honors and all. I deliver them to you, my lord, with a satisfaction that is only equalled by the pleasure which the healthful sparkle in your eye now affords me."

"Your majesty is very kind," said the minister, who was visibly affected by those obliging words from his royal master. "And as you offer me still the liberty, I would humbly request, sire, that you deliver those papers to the count himself, who has come the honor of handing before your majesty."

"So, so," said the king, smilingly extending his hand to the count, who was deeply moved by this graceful surprise, "our friend the friar—oh! him, count, and believe me when we say that you cannot receive those papers with half the joy that we take in giving them. Welcome, Count de Vega—most welcome to our favor and our court!"

The count could only bow his thanks.

O, how those few kind words atoned for half a life of suffering.

"By the way, my lord," continued the king, turning to the minister, "we have a favor at your hands. The young hero, with whose gallant feat our capital is now ringing, must not pass unrewarded or unremarked. Our royal consort and our self will be grateful if your lordship will seek him out and present him to us at our levee this evening. Fair day to you, my lords, and to you also, lady!"

And with a light heart and a graceful step, the monarch passed from the cabinet.

The widow was pale, dumb, bewildered; not at the graciousness of the king, but at the striking resemblance of the friar, or rather the Count de Vega, to the young man she knew.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF WHERE THE MAN IN THE MOON DROPPED SIXPENCE.

Among the specimens of Leon's triumphant entry into Madrid was no less a personage than the ex-valet, who, as he lagged upon the angular pavements, observed to himself with an air of vexation:

"If I had not been so stupid as to run from those thieves, I could have easily managed to get a hand in the glory and the profit of their capture. It is true that by running, I saved my thousand pistoles; but then, if I had remained, I could have got them back, together with some choice pickings that would have enabled me to set up for a baker's go. St. Catharine must have been asleep to let me commit such a blunder. If she isn't more careful in future, I'll take my patronage elsewhere. But what is this—the captain on the back of my old ally friend, Peter. That rogue's face is my other friend, the venerable Don Juan de Mendoza, who is now in favor at court, and whose interest, I dare say, has returned to Toledo, in which latter case it is my business to imitate his example. But as a man reasonably full fault with me for striving to preserve his life?"

"I loved him first," cried Ximene, her eyes flashing indignant lightnings, "and he is mine by right!" Then I that first discovered his worthiness and brought it to the light. I that first appreciated the great manly spirit that alone has placed his foot on the second round of fame's ascending ladder; I that, as his genius lay buried in the obscure gloom of common toil, first exclaimed—Lo, a man—a hero—a diamond among the rubbish!"

"We have already talked of this, Ximene; and, if you remember, I convinced you by honest argument, that I have at least a right to make an effort for his conquest as yourself!"

"You may convince me of such a thousand times; but you cannot once my heart!"

"Therein lies the difference between us, girl. With me, and all of my sex, the reason has the highest place. To us love is not, as with you, a mere lisencate passion; but a thing exalted by the refining influences of mind into a sentiment at once noble and inspiring. So far are we above the herd, who, like the brutes that they mostly resemble, know no higher principle than desire, no loftier guide than instinct!"

"I am a poor, unlearned girl, it is true, maiden; and with no attractions or accomplishments to set off, except those which nature has given to me; but then I mean to one!"

"Use them. It is your right. I complain not."

"But I—I do complain, madam! You are pounding on my corner; you are morally endeavoring to take advantage of what was imparted to you in confidence; you, a woman of proved rank and immense wealth, are basely striving to become the rival of a poor, friendless girl. Is this right, decent, generous—just? Eve I would stoop to so unwomanly an act, with a product I'd rip out the heart that was the cause of it, and toss it and beast it in the shambles?"

"You are severe. And since mild reasoning will not persuade, I must defend myself from your importunities with the only weapon left in my power."

"Truth! What right have you to love this man?"

"What right?" said the waiting-woman, startling.

"What right?" repeated the widow, calmly. "He is not of your order."

"Not of your order? We are both of the levee?"

"To-day!"

The waiting-woman stared at her in mingled amazement and confusion; as though she had received a sudden blow which had thrown her whole mind into disorder.

"False!" she stammered. "False!"

"Ask him yourself, my child. "As well might you say that an honest man and a thief are of the same level, because both were born in the same country, and both have to live and die on an equal, since both were moulded of the same clay and both must lay low dust."

"I am poor!" said the waiting-woman, shaking her head in despair. "I am poor! Is that like all my crime! But I am fit for any sphere in which leaves the soul I love?"

"Yes—if he does love! For the love of a great mind ennobles and lifts to its own rank whomsoever it touches. Love him, then, if you can, with only the single quality of a fair face and a symmetrical form to help you, hope to win a man like Leon, who possesses the double attribute of a handsome person and splendor of mind? You must be mad!"

"You may think so! But I, too, feel within me the germs of a mind that will one day prove more than its rank, and mightier than its fortunes?"

"You—you! Of what service to my service you ever refused a heart above your fellows; but does that prove your capacity to govern them? The portal to wed as a secretary, but have you evinced either the attempts to imitate the lark whose rich song you have heard at heaven's gate?"

"You take the privileges of your rank to insult me!" cried the girl.

"Can this be you, Ximene?"

"As you see, madam!"

"Ximene, to me Ximene I knew was fanned, at least in her mistress's mind, for womanly modesty and meekness."

"Love calls out our strength!"

"Love calls out your meanness, too! Why do you not fly? Have you no fears?"

"Of what?"

"The law of your self-respect—the reproaches of your own heart?"

"Only a spider cannot in our way we tread upon it, nor think that in so doing we jeopard our own existence!"

"Who is the spider, Ximene?"

"You, madam—you! You, who betray confidence—you who would rob a poor, friendless girl with your rank and wealth. You—a thousand times, you!"

"But for a foolish fondness that in other hours I have had cause to blush for, I would strike you to those we love, and which still speaks loud as ever for my weak-hearted but true-hearted servingwoman, I would—but no, I will not disturb and retire!"

"You are seeking to rob me of my only hope of happiness, and you know it!" cried Ximene, bursting into tears.

"If of Leon you speak, alas! poor girl, you have no hope! You never can mate with me!"

"Not with such a wife!"

"Fortune, who has placed him as far above you as she has above me, has done this!"

"There is the door!" cried Ximene, fiercely, pointing.

"I will not!" returned the widow, who was pale but firm.

"You will not?" said the waiting-woman.

"I will not."

Ximene sprang towards the couch for her rapier, which she unsheathed and with it rushed with maddening rage towards her mistress.

But the latter, anticipating her intention, had, from the folds of her dress, quickly drawn a small pistol, and had waited to receive the onset with a deliberate coo, with the warning—

"Another step, girl, and your 'last hope' will be cut down!"

The pale eyed each other steadily and in silence for a time, as if striving to read their inmost thoughts. The gaze of the widow was calm yet determined; that of the waiting-woman fierce, passionate, and bordering upon wildness.

The pistol at length drew aside the rapier, and averting her head, burst into tears.

The widow felt that she had triumphed; but it was from her heart that the most powerful consciousness of that fact was swallowed up in pity for her old confidante and favorite.

"I will go, Ximene," she said, mildly, "but not until I have made a last effort to show you that, though poor and rich, I can still your friend."

"Friend!" said the waiting-woman, with reproaching bitterness. "O, yes, you proud betrayers of confidence make very dear friends!"

"Leon can never be yours, Ximene," said the widow, "and may be, then, not be mine?"

"Let who can win, wear him!" cried the waiting-woman, with a short walk now and then up and down the street in which he lived, and always making it a point to meet Leon at the door, to welcome him with one of his winning smiles, and to ask him all the news. Leon never had no ability to tell for he knew nothing of his father's business in Madrid, of his visits to the prime minister, or of his pardon: but to the fellow he had to my concerning what he saw and heard. Paul listened with eager interest and appeared to treasure it up for subsequent thought. But, for some cause unknown to Leon, the youth was no longer the same merry hearted lad that came to him at the inn of the Three Poor Travellers, that shared his journey over the mountains, and his imprisonment in the robber's cave. His pleasant laugh, that was wont to fall upon the ear like ringing silver, had grown less hearty in its peals; his arsenic smile was mingled with a shade of melancholy; his step had lost the lightness of its spring; while his whole being was tinged with a mournful sadness. Leon, who loved him as a brother, was deeply concerned at this change; but as the youth had answered "Nothing!" in reply to a tender inquiry on the subject, and appeared anxious to conceal it, the young man imputed it to his thought to some private affair which the youth did not wish to have known, and he considerately forbore to press for explanation; his own experience telling him that there are certain griefs that the heart prefers to bear in silence and alone. But therefore respected the youth's sorrow, but sometimes, dreaded it a shadow to ask him to sing a cheerful song, and the guitar, which however, since he had regilded off into a melancholy refrain that affected him with the solidity the nourishment of the youth's soul.

Paul was meditating; on what, he had himself given no hints for telling; but his thoughtsthose had grown upon him from the hour when the friar had left the prince of a cavern—had deeply impressed in the cell occupied by his master and himself, in the robber's cave. From that moment the happy laugh began to lose its cheerful and inspiring ring, and from that moment, thought began to show its shadow on his fair, innocent forehead; from that moment, the sparkle in his eye began to lose its fire, and assume a more thoughtful cast. He could fancy that hidden tears were on the point of gushing from the dark, often fringed lids of his eyes; from that moment, he reminded one of the fair, simple youth that loved to wander in sunny fields, amid woods and dales, and subscribes his grief in plaintive sighs, to the leaves and flowers.

Thus absorbed in the web of his meditations, he was interrupted in them by a low tapping at the door. Suddenly springing to his feet, Paul looked around with a burst of indignation, as though warned by a presentiment that the knocker was an intruder on some kindred image had been conceived and born in his musings.

"Come in!" he said, in a tone which was half convinced, half defiant.

The door opened and a lady entered, who throwing back her veil, revealed the features of Donna Isabella de la Montera.

"Is it you, Leon?" cried the youth, in mingled scorn and hatred.

"Is it you I expect me?" said the widow, pleasantly. "Did you expect me?"

"I had a presentiment that you would forget your sex, your rank, and the high dignity that becomes a modest woman, and push yourself unbidden and unwelcomed, into the very lodgings of my master?"

The widow turned pale, but she restrained the bitter blood that was called up by the humiliating taunt, and replied, in a calm, even accents—

"You put it hard! I will reply by stating that it is equally, if not more immodest in you, a woman like myself, to array yourself in habiliments that do not belong to your sex, to follow the steps of a young man, and to gain access to him through the influence of an artful tale, to run after him up and down the country, to be found a dweller in his private apartments, and to give your victim an appearance at least of conceding cheap favors."

"Love against wealth!" cried the waiting woman, fire in was she.

"And yet I love him as well as you," said the widow. "All's fair in love as in war; and the field is open. I complain not of the course you have taken to make the master of your heart sensible of your devotion, nor should you in likewise upbraid mine. If you can win him—so be it; but as my happiness is also at stake, you cannot reasonably fail fault with me for striving to preserve his life."

"I loved him first," cried Ximene, her eyes flashing indignant lightnings, "and he is mine by right! That I that first discovered his worthiness and brought it to the light. I that first appreciated the great manly spirit that alone has placed his foot on the second round of fame's ascending ladder; I that, as his genius lay buried in the obscure gloom of common toil, first exclaimed—Lo, a man—a hero—a diamond among the rubbish!"

"We have already talked of this, Ximene; and, if you remember, I convinced you by honest argument, that I have at least a right to make an effort for his conquest as yourself!"

"You may convince me of such a thousand times; but you cannot once my heart!"

"Therein lies the difference between us, girl. With me, and all of my sex, the reason has the highest place. To us love is not, as with you, a mere lisencate passion; but a thing exalted by the refining influences of mind into a sentiment at once noble and inspiring. So far are we above the herd, who, like the brutes that they mostly resemble, know no higher principle than desire, no loftier guide than instinct!"

"I am a poor, unlearned girl, it is true, maiden; and with no attractions or accomplishments to set off, except those which nature has given to me; but then I mean to one!"

"Use them. It is your right. I complain not."

"But I—I do complain, madam! You are pounding on my corner; you are morally endeavoring to take advantage of what was imparted to you in confidence; you, a woman of proved rank and immense wealth, are basely striving to become the rival of a poor, friendless girl. Is this right, decent, generous—just? Eve I would stoop to so unwomanly an act, with a product I'd rip out the heart that was the cause of it, and toss it and beast it in the shambles?"

"You are severe. And since mild reasoning will not persuade, I must defend myself from your importunities with the only weapon left in my power."

"Truth! What right have you to love this man?"

"What right?" said the waiting-woman, startling.

"What right?" repeated the widow, calmly. "He is not of your order."

"Not of your order? We are both of the levee?"

"To-day!"

The waiting-woman stared at her in mingled amazement and confusion; as though she had received a sudden blow which had thrown her whole mind into disorder.

"False!" she stammered. "False!"

"Ask him yourself, my child. "As well might you say that an honest man and a thief are of the same level, because both were born in the same country, and both have to live and die on an equal, since both were moulded of the same clay and both must lay low dust."

"I am poor!" said the waiting-woman, shaking her head in despair. "I am poor! Is that like all my crime! But I am fit for any sphere in which leaves the soul I love?"

"Yes—if he does love! For the love of a great mind ennobles and lifts to its own rank whomsoever it touches. Love him, then, if you can, with only the single quality of a fair face and a symmetrical form to help you, hope to win a man like Leon, who possesses the double attribute of a handsome person and splendor of mind? You must be mad!"

"You may think so! But I, too, feel within me the germs of a mind that will one day prove more than its rank, and mightier than its fortunes?"

"You—you! Of what service to my service you ever refused a heart above your fellows; but does that prove your capacity to govern them? The portal to wed as a secretary, but have you evinced either the attempts to imitate the lark whose rich song you have heard at heaven's gate?"

"You take the privileges of your rank to insult me!" cried the girl.

"Can this be you, Ximene?"

"As you see, madam!"

"Ximene, to me Ximene I knew was fanned, at least in her mistress's mind, for womanly modesty and meekness."

"Love calls out our strength!"

"Love calls out your meanness, too! Why do you not fly? Have you no fears?"

"Of what?"

"The law of your self-respect—the reproaches of your own heart?"

"Only a spider cannot in our way we tread upon it, nor think that in so doing we jeopard our own existence!"

"Who is the spider, Ximene?"

"You, madam—you! You, who betray confidence—you who would rob a poor, friendless girl with your rank and wealth. You—a thousand times, you!"

"But for a foolish fondness that in other hours I have had cause to blush for, I would strike you to those we love, and which still speaks loud as ever for my weak-hearted but true-hearted servingwoman, I would—but no, I will not disturb and retire!"

"You are seeking to rob me of my only hope of happiness, and you know it!" cried Ximene, bursting into tears.

"If of Leon you speak, alas! poor girl, you have no hope! You never can mate with me!"

"Not with such a wife!"

"Fortune, who has placed him as far above you as she has above me, has done this!"

"There is the door!" cried Ximene, fiercely, pointing.

"I will not!" returned the widow, who was pale but firm.

"You will not?" said the waiting-woman.

"I will not."

Ximene sprang towards the couch for her rapier, which she unsheathed and with it rushed with maddening rage towards her mistress.

But the latter, anticipating her intention, had, from the folds of her dress, quickly drawn a small pistol, and had waited to receive the onset with a deliberate coo, with the warning—

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ing-women springing to her feet. "I have a face on last as yours, so leave a heart, too, and I'll not give up my hope!"

"A moment," said the widow, calmly; "seven days ago I was at the prime minister's, and there, in a tête-à-tête, beheld——whom think you?"

"I know not, nor care."

"Palaces, and hear me through. You remember a note summoning his sudden flight, from my head-madman, Leon's father?"

Ximene looked at her with a steady gaze, and in sullen silence.

"The person in the friar's disguise was my old servitor, the woodman. I knew him at first, but, not to alarming home, the recognition lacked upon me with convincing force, and I did that it was he!"

"What is there strange in that," said the waiting-woman, "that you should dwell upon it with such emphasis?"

"Yes, shall hear. While I was interceding in Leon's behalf with the minister, who was under many personal obligations to my late husband for unsought favors, who should enter but the king with certain papers in his hand."

"I see nothing surprising in that" observed the waiting-woman, carelessly. "It is not unusual, I believe, for kings to enter their ministers' cabinets, or to have papers in their hands?"

"Wait," said the widow. "Do you remember ever to have heard of one Don Garcia de Vega?"

"The town crier has made the name familiar," said the woman, drily.

"He was supposed, if you have not forgotten it, to be in league, personally, with a band of the old Toledo."

"The town-crier so read the proclamation!" returned the waiting-woman, with a mocking bow. "But I do not call to mind hearing that the public herald ever recited to the people the name of a gentleman's retinue; unless, indeed, your ladyship, whose genius for breaking into the privacy cannot be questioned, learned the secret from the poor unfortunate himself, and, with your usual grace, quietly communicated it to the government? The thing is not unlikely! I myself, will certify to your willingness and dexterity in that way! And what had the king in his hand; another batch of proclamations?"

"A refusal to inform you would be a just return for your insolence!" said the widow. "Shut, I pardon it, and reply: the papers in his majesty's hand were the pardon of Don Garcia de Vega, and the restoration of his title and estates, together with an order on the royal treasury for the moneys seized at the time of the confiscation of his property."

"As I am not Don Garcia," said the waiting-woman, "I did not understand how this can possibly concern me?"

"You will directly. His majesty was about to hand these papers to the prime minister, when the latter requested him to hand them to Don Garcia himself, and turning to the king, with his bowed, he introduced him to the king!"

"So that was——" said the waiting woman, turning pale as death.

"So that my head woodman, Leon's father, whom I saw in the assistant's cabinet, in the king's cabinet, turns out to be a gentleman of high importance of the noble order of our nobility, and his name, de Vega!"

Ximene's sight became dim; her knees refused to support her, and she sank, with a low, gurgling cry, to the floor.

The widow rushed to her rescue, and bathing her temples, soon restored her to consciousness.

"My head reels!" she murmured, pressing her hand to her forehead. "How I am about to die?"

"Courage!" whispered the widow, kindly, and tasted. "I resent not to pain you; I tasted I did not."

Ximene answered not. She was very pale. Her eyes were lustrous, but not with hope; while over her fair brow scattered again the locks of golden cloud.

The widow became anxious for her former favorite; and now that she beheld her in pain, affection returned in all its olden tenderness and depth.

The lustre in the waiting woman's eyes at length drew in towards the centre of the pupils, and settled into a strong, angelic light.

"Prove to me," she exclaimed, springing upon a needlessly to her feet, "that this is not a dream, so lie, colored to cheat one of my hopes. Prove it, or you will have the blood of your friendless girl to answer for in the last great day!"

"I give you the word of a lady, Ximene."

"*Ford!*" interrupted Ximene, hoarsely.

The widow reflected.

"Don Garcia is to be publicly recognized by his majesty to-night," she said at length; "but, though I am myself invited, I know not whether I could secure admission to another."

"Peace!" repeated Ximene, in a hollow voice. "If she be indeed so, then——"

The widow looked at her.

The waiting woman was paler than any shroud. A mournful shade was upon her brow; her eyes were bright and sunken, and the like glittering as if with intense suffering.

An instant appeared to have sufficed to change her love a picture of beauty and promise, into one hope in the midst of ruin.

The widow shuddered in mingled pity and terror.

"You shall see the ceremony!" she exclaimed. "I promise it!"

"Enough!" said the waiting woman. "Your address?"

The widow gave it.

"I will be at your door at eight, to accompany you," continued Ximene. "Leave me, now. My brain is on fire, and if I rest not, it will burst."

"Adieu!" said the widow. And she turned from her old favorite with an air of mingled kindness and compassion.

Rest! muttered the waiting woman, tottering towards and sinking upon the lounge. "Yes, I must rest—and it will come—the long, long sleep that knows no waking! There are no ceremonial forms there—no false pomps and ranks to kill the lovely poor to stand outside the door while wealth and rotten lord it. No ruthless breaking of honest hearts there where their simple vows are withered of hopes—no rising hypocrisy as the lich and lying down and rise, and forget—enough to sleep, sleep! Death, break!" she added, laying her head upon her lounge, with a shock with sharp, agonizing pain. "What have brought me to do in a world, where dignity must be restained? No, let's sing our requiem, for I have spoken to our corpses, like two poor souls whose want of thought and caution her undone us and was at into the dark before our time."

A deep colored along the corridor, the door opened and Leon entered. His features were radiant with glowing things.

"Give me joy, Paul—give me joy!" he exclaimed. "I've seen my father, and can come to you with good news. Ha!" he cried, checking himself; "in tears. What has happened, my poor boy? Tell your Leon the matter?"

"Nothing!" said the waiting woman, hastily drying her eyes.

"Nay," said the young man, taking a seat beside her, and drawing her towards him. "by your hand upon your Leon's shoulder, and unfold to him your grief."

"'Tis nothing," repeated Ximene, sobbing.

"Leon has no father, Paul, and you set forth without a cause. I came to tell you great news of what his majesty has done for my father, as to invite you to go with me to-night to the palace, and do I find you in tears?"

"My heart is sad!" said Ximene.

"I see, my poor, dear Paul, but with what?"

"Don't ask me!" said the waiting woman, hiding her face on his shoulder.

An air of pain clouded the young man's forehead.

"I will not, my brother," he said, tenderly. "I would not invade the privacy of your woes. But, cheer up! pleasure, and wealth, and happiness are before us! I have told my father of my new found brother, and he has promised to call and embrace you to-morrow, and to adopt you also for his son. Therefore, be happy, Paul, and we'll see, a month hence, if you prove forever unfriendly to found by all Madrid!"

"To-morrow!" said Ximene, abruptly.

"To-morrow!" said Leon. "To-morrow, my honored sire will be yours as well. I have given him all the details of your birth, and your parents, as the true, our journey through the mountains, our imprisonment in the lonely cave, and all! and he is so well pleased with my report of you that he has promised, in case he should find you all I have represented—which of course he will, and more—to give you his name, to take you into our family, and declare you his son! Therefore, be not to endow you with a princely income. So, then, dear, friend—take heart! dream not of evil winds, and be happy at the day!"

"I will, Leon—for your sake!" said Ximene, stifling a deep sigh.

"For mine, Paul, my father's, and your own. O, we shall be the happiest family in Spain—in all Spain! Embrace me, Paul, and don your handsomest dress for the night's revels, and I'll borrow we shall have found a father; to-morrow we shall be as one; your hopes and services mine, my hopes, and wishes and fortunes; for to me and loving, too; and having had his own griefs and sorrows find for those of others, as I know me—lighter, boy. That's it—that's like my handsome, gallant brother! Now, farewell, Paul, for sure, with my father—ere father—for the, to him, trying scene of to-night. O, 'twill be a glorious occasion! The nobility and gentry, and officers of banishment and suffering to be expunged forever by king and world from the list of infamy! I tell you the glory as we return from the palace. I say to bring, for I am to remain with my father myself in confidence to accompany me. Put on no extra raiment; for yours is a form that shows best favorably in the plainest dress! And I know that the king himself will not shine to such advantage, for, upon my word, he is very homely, he tip! There, then, my brave and handsome brother! O, I'll be proud to call you by that name! And my father before their superiors to receive a permanent welcome to their court; for the queen, I know, will favor her son's friend, and there is no doubt in the ladies that a fairer swerve than above the shoulders of the gentlemen! Ha! ha! Farewell, Paul, for a little up again! There's many a person maid in Toledo and Madrid who would envy me your kiss. So, once more, my Paul, adieu!"

He said, and was gone.

Ximene approached the window, and watched his retreating form till it disappeared around the angle of a cross-street. Then, instead returning to the lounge, she bowed her head upon her hands in silence.

"Can it be," she murmured, fragmentarily, as thoughts and strange confusion of ideas rushed upon her, "that my arises from his having found that she will be there. Or is it possible that the Isabel he matters so often in his letters to me is no other than——No—my heart tells me that 'tis her?"

She is beautiful, too, and true to him, and will be true to him so I would, and will make his happiness her aim.

"Had she remained in Toledo, I could in time, by being near him, have driven her image from his breast and plant my own there. But she is here in gout, and every other, and so, poor heart, he's lost, and she has plunged me down in the voiceless depths of eternal night.

"Yes—she is right; true love seeks only the happiness of the loved. This love is unselfish, I perceive.

"And yet his kiss was sweet. I feared my heart would lead again under its reviving breath, and I so wish to die.

"He'd be 'proud of me' if it were me as a maid, and not as a brother, which would be proudest, then!

"To the palace! Not to-night, nor to-morrow, nor ever. I should be sure to betray myself—the lowly without culture! And yet she meant well, and for the best! and therefore, I will go!

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"They will sometimes think of me—he of his boy-brother, she of the poor friendless girl, whose heart was higher than her station!

"And now," she added, rising, "farewell, my hope, whose sudden birth and as sudden death was jealous of my soul; farewell, my couch, which last-bound with me in the silent watches of the night for many fondly nurtured in the day; and farewell, my rapier, which hast known no evil as thou hast known no blood, but shouldst this night feel the breath in slumber and softly borne his sight to the other place, and thou shalt be the last to see me on which I've looked three five days and fancied as dear friends: and my eternal joy be his who owns you, and peace reign along at his board through life as well!"

She sat, lingering look around the apartment, and she turned from it with a plaintive moan. Then, rising, she threw a mantle over her head, and walked with a hurried step till she came to where a clump of trees overhung the turbid waters of the Manzanares.

"Thou who knowest my suffering!" she murmured, earnestly, looking up, "who send back what I am about to do is from no thought of evil; who hast been pleased to give me many happy days; who sweet how I am stricken down with grief and sadness—pardon, O, pardon!"

Chastise me not to me! If she was observed, and perceiving me my open love, she threw her sun upon the earth, and plunged herself after to our corpses. The disturbed waters fussed a moment as they parted to receive her, and then reclosing, flowed on calmly as before.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOY AND SORROW.

On the morning of the day on which occurred the incidents recorded in the preceding chapter, Leon, while walking on the Prado, observed his father advancing with a business step. The young man perceiving that he was still in his monk's guise, was uncertain whether he desired to be recognized or not, and confided to be governed by the woodman himself. His doubts were removed by the approach of the latter, who, motioning him aside, exclaimed—

"Leon, I see you. I was looking for you. Meet me at my lodgings at the close of the siesta. I have something to communicate."

"I will not fail, sir," said Leon, with an air of deep respect.

"You will wear your old cloak of melancholy!" observed the woodman, with mingled gentleness and reproach.

"My heart is still sad, sir," said Leon, modestly, "and I have not the talents to look what I am not."

"And yet you have been honored by the notice of your prince!"

"My sorrow was old ere that mark of his majesty's kindness, sir."

"But if you, so will, my son," said the woodman, with paternal tenderness, "fame and honor may yet be yours."

"Alas! sir," returned the young man, "these have no charm for me. If fortune will permit I have no higher ambition than to secure a little of our lowly lot, and to endow you with a princely income. So, then, dear, friend—take heart! dream not of evil winds, and be happy at the day!"

"I will, Leon—for your sake!" said Ximene, stifling a deep sigh.

"For mine, Paul, my father's, and your own. O, we shall be the happiest family in Spain—in all Spain! Embrace me, Paul, and don your handsomest dress for the night's revels, and I'll borrow we shall have found a father; to-morrow we shall be as one; your hopes and services mine, my hopes, and wishes and fortunes; for to me and loving, too; and having had his own griefs and sorrows find for those of others, as I know me—lighter, boy. That's it—that's like my handsome, gallant brother! Now, farewell, Paul, for sure, with my father—ere father—for the, to him, trying scene of to-night. O, 'twill be a glorious occasion! The nobility and gentry, and officers of banishment and suffering to be expunged forever by king and world from the list of infamy! I tell you the glory as we return from the palace. I say to bring, for I am to remain with my father myself in confidence to accompany me. Put on no extra raiment; for yours is a form that shows best favorably in the plainest dress! And I know that the king himself will not shine to such advantage, for, upon my word, he is very homely, he tip! There, then, my brave and handsome brother! O, I'll be proud to call you by that name! And my father before their superiors to receive a permanent welcome to their court; for the queen, I know, will favor her son's friend, and there is no doubt in the ladies that a fairer swerve than above the shoulders of the gentlemen! Ha! ha! Farewell, Paul, for a little up again! There's many a person maid in Toledo and Madrid who would envy me your kiss. So, once more, my Paul, adieu!"

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eleven o'clock, that they walked, slowly and arm in arm, to the lady's hotel, at the door of which the latter gave her hand in the gentleman, who imprinted on it one of those singular kisses that afford so much pleasure to the giver so to the receiver, and then bowed himself to his own lodgings with a fulness of proud joy that in these grave days would lungh a watchman to suspect that the young man had been indulging in something stronger than relishing hops.

"How Paul will rejoice in my happiness!" he exclaimed to himself, as he bounded up the staircase to his apartment.

And here we must pause to weep; for tears are climbing up to our lids and falling down upon our cheeks at mention of the poor, unsuspecting lad, whose handsome face was no longer there, whose artless smile no longer lighted up the place, and whose silver laugh was to ring no more upon his loving mother's ear. A knell of sadness seemed to strike upon the young nobleman's heart as he entered and found the room in darkness.

"What, Paul, my boy! no light!" he said, half in kindness, half in reproach. "You are not wont to retire, and leave me thus!"

And yet the while he spoke, he looked for no response; for a sense of desolation, a presage of a great mournful calamity, came upon him like a solemn visitation, and half stilled his pulses as he strove to persuade to unmerited cheer, and to a solemn gloom.

"Paul!" he exclaimed, in plaintive alarm. "Paul! my brother; are you here? It is I, Leon."

There was no answer; and he paused again, and yet he called again. A sad presentiment told him it was in vain—why, he could not guess, but he continued to cry out the name as he groped his gled loutlinus and dread, while grasping his way to the table, and striking a light, he, shrinking back and looking timidly, yet searchingly around,

"Paul! my brother," he cried. "My poor boy—my brother. Where are you?"

But there was no Paul on the floor, no Paul on the couch, no Paul on the chairs, no Paul in the alcove, no Paul anywhere.

Why and whither he had gone, the young man knew not, nor could guess; but a something, he could not define what, told him that the sweet young youth was gone forever.

And he left it and then; and setting the lamp upon the table, he sank upon a chair, and hoving his head upon his hands spoke out his grief in a great wild soul-breaking sob.

"Paul!" he murmured, "Paul! my boy—my brother, where are you?"

What to him were rank, honor, riches, without Paul to share them? What to him the glory of knowing himself beloved, and have no Paul to whom to tell it? What to him the rich sweetness of his inheritance, while Paul's went not with it?

"Come back, Paul—come back. Joy will not be joy and you away. Where'er you are, return!"

The very chairs and table, the couch upon the floor, the ottomans on the walls, the cast of face above, the dimly-burning lamp, seemed to share in Leon's loneliness, and to join in his mournful cries.

[to be continued in our next.]

THE BROKEN SPELL.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Ernest—oh, Ernest! 'tis a lonely night,
And sighs of starry radiance cast the evening;
And I am paler by this misty light
Than the cold corpse of my lovelorn sweet!

But then—I know the olden glory yet.
Never did the darkness of my haunting eyes;
I know—this time not—that you love me.
Ernest, my heart is full of tears again.

They tell me thou art brighter than of yore,
And thou eyes waxed with fire back again;
Yet thy old-time—that is, I know it not.
Thy picture's faded from my heart and brain.

Or did this "friend"—but that's a sacred spell,
And thou didst know—we are but cousins still.
When this friend—what's this friend to me or thee,
Ernest, I'm not a woman to be whirlwinds come,
And shake the purple of my spirit's throne.

But now—ah, Ernest, Ernest—now, yet now
I see the olden shield and lance gleam brightly,
With down-cast eyes, I see thee come and bow
To woman's idol! how I think for thee!

Yet think not that I turn from thee for scorn—
Again I love thee as I loved thee not,
Then loveread-like in youth's remarkable morn,
And like young vision it—and spring-time flowers.

And yet 'tis faded. All the fragrant flowers
That blossomed here I found this enchanted scene,
The summer sun, the rain, the myrtle showers,
The country music and the lover's theme—

Ay, all the mercy of my love is changed—
Then art the hero of my heart no more!
It lives but does not ever. Again 'tis wounded;
Then leave me now—even as you did of yore.

LIFE'S CONTRASTS;

OR,

THE DWELLERS AT MORELAND FARM.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Claudia Morehead, even in childhood, was endowed with a rare and exquisite beauty that charmed the eye and entranced the heart of all who looked upon it. To the radiant loveliness of face, this glowing fairness of complexion, these liquid eyes of blue, these sunny, gleaming curls were added an indescribable grandeur of mien and bearing, and a wondrous power and mobility of expression.

In these early days her whole being was encircled by its appropriate atmosphere—that of an entire and unalloyed sympathy. Her father was a wealthy farmer—a man of education and refinement, who prized intercourse with Nature far above the conventionalisms and falseness of life among the great aggregates of humanity—a gentleman in the true and literal acceptation of the term. Her mother was a woman eminently fitted for her sphere—an intelligent, practical housewife, with brain, and eye, and hand equally alert throughout the entire circle over which she held supreme authority; able, by means of an admirable system, which governed all her household operations, to appear in the presence of her frequent guests, and always at her stated periods of rest and recreation, with that graceful ease which is the perfection of true lady. The daughter of a New England clergyman, so distinguished for his learning as for his piety, she had been well and thoroughly educated; and, in connection with her husband, had instructed her children at home, in all the rudiments of knowledge. Her sons had been prepared to enter upon a collegiate course before leaving the parental roof, and her daughters needed nothing to perfect them in education (according to common and conventional ideas), except the year's sublime in modern accomplishments, which they were sent to a neighboring city to obtain.

Claudia was many years younger than the other children of the family; and the household would have been left desolate without the joyous light of those voices which the harsh tones of sorrow had never rendered discordant, had she not remained, when they all were gone, to delight her with her artless prattle with her radiant beauty and her winning grace, and to cheer their hearts with her loving ways.

She had ever been the pet of the household, constituting around her its whole mighty aggregate of affection; but the time came when the names of her young sisters were spoken in grief rather than love, or with the tender reverence that follows into the tomb the memory of the beautiful and the dead; and Claudia was left the one daughter of her bereaved parents.

A fearful and fatal epidemic had entered the beautiful-named village Claudia's elder sisters were residing. Both were seized by its terrible symptoms, and before their agonized parents could understand the mysterious summons to their bedside, was dead, the other fast sinking toward the same fatal consummation.

Scarcely were those young forms laid beneath the green sod of the little family burial-ground than the elder son came home to die. An ardent and enthusiastic scholar, he had laid the foundations of prominence deep, at college, for his unceasing devotion to books. While studying his profession he became ill and never more suffered a relaxation, though he was constantly warned by his failing health. As sought, just as the completion of his studies, when the honorable career of a long and triumphant life seemed before him, he sickened and, with unwearied watchfulness on the part of the friends of his fond-hopes-and-fears, he was borne from the field of his labors to his father's home, only to linger a few days longer, and then to turn his face from the light of this world toward the darkness of the grave.

Claudia's only surviving brother returned to the home of his childhood at this period, and became a less enthusiastic than the brother he had lost, he had yet much of the ardor of youth in his soul. He would have followed with the persistent perseverance that belonged to his character, and that but to quietly sacrificed his inclinations, and the wishing that had grown to be a part of himself, upon the shrine of duty. Strong and unconquerable as he deems the work of years, and his parents wish yet not for them the delight they would have in his presence, had become suddenly aged, and were bent beneath a premature infirmity. Claudia was a comforting presence of their son, they needed his affectionate care, they needed the sustaining power of his strong young manhood.

Heathan Moreland gave up his scientific investigations, and went home to cultivate the soil of his acres, and to live where it was right that he should live. And happy, peaceful, and beautiful were the eight, he soon caused to lament his sacrifice. He found pleasure in the life to which they led him. Even his powerful mind could not long remain, it was sufficient for its entire capacity, enough to keep the rust of idleness from gathering upon it. And what was better for, his heart was fed and nourished by the affectionate nature around him, and lived, dwelt, and it awoke from the torpor which had grown upon it amidst the inanition of his studentlife.

He conversed and read with his father and mother, he manipulated the machinery and management of the large farm, he took upon himself the education of his sister, whom he felt was destined never to send to school, and he found himself abundantly occupied, practically and theoretical, and to his pleasant employment the long routine over hill, and field, and by brook-side with the scientific friends who frequently visited him.

This passed several quietly happy years in the old homestead. The parents, with tender care, stood between the living and those who had passed away, watched death with unceasing vigilance, and strove to at once the signal of short separation and eternal reunion. The years glided on so quietly that no change marked their flight, save the growth into the young Claudia, whose lovely childhood expanded gradually into a beautiful womanhood, and the stateller gravity of Heathan's earnest mien, and the occasional silvery streaks among his dark locks to tell that he had reached the height of his years, and had already commenced the descent.

When Claudia was seventeen her mother died, and the daughter assumed her place over the household grave when her husband followed her; and then the lives that had blended together during the years of joy and sorrow were not long divided. It was as if the patient, loving wife ventured first into the dark valley, which all must tread alone, and stood upon the farther brink of its mighty river waiting for him from out the cares, and toils, and sorrows of her loving heart.

Heathan Moreland and Claudia were left alone in the homestead. Their lives passed on with the usual monotony during the winter months that followed the death of their father, but with summer came several of Heathan's ancient college friends. With the dawn of June his sister's beautiful face had invited one of those friends to bring with him his sister; and at the same time we wrote to another relative, a widow, asking her to come and assist Claudia in doing the honors of the house in the genteel manner. Mrs. Walker very gladly accepted the invitation, for a narrow income had long compelled her to an uncongenial seclusion, and to a society which she was quite willing to exchange for good society and the luxuries of life.

Heathan thought he was doing his sister a service in making these arrangements, while for himself he desired, from habit, have nothing to disturb the uninterrupted society of his male friends. He so feared that Claudia did not fully appreciate the sacrifice which her brother had made. She stood gladly in awe of Mr. Kenyon, as one who had lent in temper, and surpassed in manner, and whose "specimens" in the form of hideous reptiles and impaled bugs were the terror of her life during all his visits. Some portion of this awe she felt, in anticipation, for the friend of her brother, who she thought it impossible for one so nearly connected with this disagreeable man, to possess any winning qualities.

But all parties were agreeably disappointed when Miss Kenyon arrived. Mr. Kenyon was received in his own carriage, a queer vehicle contrived expressly for use in his scientific excursions, and every variety of various kinds, and the boxes of specimens which were constantly accompanying. Miss Kenyon, who had no other escort, but for once consented to accompany him, and out of the midst of packing boxes, and geological lumbers, and other scientific lumber, where a choice seat had been placed for the occasion, he helped her to descend before the porch of Moreland Farm.

Had Miss Kenyon been one with less graceful and self-possessed, Claudia, who in her simplicity of heart stood upon the porch waiting to receive her, could not have repressed the smile that threatened to merge into merry laughter. But the lady stepped down with quiet ease, and received the welcome of the young mistress of the mansion with a dignity that seemed to assert her superiority over all accidental surroundings or appliances.

With the same air she followed her hostess to the chamber which had been prepared for her, and when the last odors of travel, with a simple toilet, assumed to a dinnered, she was shortly left alone. Then she sat down to think, and a change came over the dark beauty of her face. For Elizabeth Kenyon was very beautiful, with a wierd, or rather as her enemies, of whom she had many, were wont to say, with a diabolical beauty. Nine over whom she chose to exert the spell of her fascination ever her—though in agony of gentleness or remorse she left them to their fate.

She had noted the fitting and suppressed smile with which Claudia had welcomed her descent from the carriage. From that instant she hated her, and the object for which she had consented to come to Moreland Farm was to destroy, to annihilate, if upon, as a means, at least, of revenge. A mocking light glittered in her dark, brilliant eyes as their glances followed Claudia from the room, and when the door closed upon the young girl, and listened to the tread of her light footsteps along the corridor and down the staircase, she uttered a derisive laugh to hear from her hearing, and then she threw her head she thought deeply, until the striking of the hour upon the mantel-clock warned her that the time to prepare for dinner. Then she rose murmuring, "Yes, you will be adorably thought I wish he were not so still and priggish, and were not Heathan Moreland's sister, and that his relative amiable upon her features she rapidly but skillfully performed the duties of her toilet.

Mrs. Walker was in the parlor, to which, where the guests were assembled awaiting the summons to dinner, Miss Kenyon descended, looking more beautiful. At dinner, when she was seated beside Mr. Walker, gathering every art to please, and to fill will, that while it charmed, compelled him to pause more than once in wonder, and aroused a slight uneasiness in the mind of the lady who had gathered upon his own colloquial powers. Perhaps Heathan Moreland, who was himself a fascinated by the conversation to topics connected with science, which he had not deemed a woman was soon lost. On these, as on all subjects, she was intelligent and lucid, adapting the nomenclature so well, and with so much tact, as to make good advantage, that the superficial nature of her auditor could not detect the shallowness. And she was charmed with Miss Kenyon, and those of the guests who had not been fascinated by her, as themselves for previous ill judgment, and decided that she was never approved as well, or so truly womanly as in the quiet circle of the Moreland home.

In truth, she exercised all her fascinations on that first evening. She well knew how important are first impressions, how they are apt to strike deep, as she conversed with all, by turns grave or gay, with Mrs. Walker, a cold, half-expressed coldness of tone and mien. But when she was alone in her chamber the mocking smile returned to her face. And looking from the window, as she sat by the dressing-gown, her face looked ghastly pale. She thought of the dead sister, and of the grave in the temple, and bound them back so closely as to leave not a single thought to the surface, and brooded, and by the strong light of the wax candles that burned in the brackets on each side the old-fashioned mirror, moved in the slow action of the train of thought, and care, and passion which in that hour overshadowed the maiden, and gave a terrible beth Kenyon ten years older than she had appeared in the parlor below, when surrounded by a charmed circle of listeners in the parlor.

When she had gazed a time, she brought her desk and writing materials, and sat down to write. There was a fixed and painful expression upon her face as she wrote, a tension upon her nerves strong enough to triumph over feeling, and to trample down the heart that would have burst from its bonds was long, and most sad will be given here. But one would doubt with unbounded confidence her purpose, and may claim a place:

Of course, dear Harry," she wrote, "you so both so generously and so delightfully, and so dispatched. If even you were in an earnest mood, you have not been so long, that I should not have known that Elizabeth Kenyon was with the Morelands. You are so much of a woman's man than to speak such words to earnest; and to prove to you what my feelings really are, I will now disclose to you what brought me to this place, and to this house where I am now staying. Moreland Farm is but five miles from Elizabeth, and you know I am forty years, and who looks even older. He is a bachelor, and has been for many years a confirmed and, indeed, but for his modesty, would hold a distinguished place among men of science. Moreland Farm is the seat of one of the most wealthy and American farm house. The wealth and taste of its owners are considered and fitting pleasure to call upon it, and it is, in fact, a most picturesque and delightful residence. And—now I come to the gist of my letter—I aimed to become its mistress. You understand? I shall be the wife of Heathan Moreland, and I shall be the mother of his children. another year, obtain the hand of Claudia Moreland, the beautiful sister of my husband—that-to-be—Mr. Heathan Moreland, who is gladly accepted by his you—will you cease your pursuit of Elizabeth Kenyon? Will you cease to write to her, and more continually, how you can love her, and let her answer you, and be married, and then settle down quietly into a position beside the widow, Claudia Moreland? Write at once, and tell me if you join in my laughter, or if you are angry with me for daring to do to old my plot, and which I will disclose to you soon.

Much more she wrote hurriedly, frantically—as one who had given her destiny over to the wild power of recreation—then, without reading what she had penned, she sealed up the sheets, and directed the package to "Harry Harland, New York." She laid the letter beneath her pillow, and extinguishing the lights by which she had written, sat down in the window to gaze upon the moon that poured a flood of silver upon the landscape. The moon that poured a flood of silver upon the landscape. The wild and lurid light of the hour had passed away, and a softened expression rested upon her features, as she sat, with her head resting upon her hand, and looked out upon the scene. Her thoughts were all of peace, and love, and joy, and she wept. Then she sat down to think, and a change came over the dark beauty of her face. For Elizabeth Kenyon was very beautiful, with a wierd, or rather as her enemies, of whom she had many, were wont to say, with a diabolical beauty. Nine over whom she chose to exert the spell of her fascination ever her—though in agony of gentleness or remorse she left them to their fate.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

BALLAD OF ETHEL MAY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

I'll tell you of a sweeter's one,
When a month passed short, was mine—
Passing his heart, and there above,
Sighing to the old wine.

I'd like you with Ethel May,
As a girl in London town;
Proud dames was there in their trapstair girl,
But she were a plain wine.

Ethel she moved through the music and light
That blossomed and filled the hall,
While lovers flocked under their jewels bright,
But I sighed—as it turned out all!

My glance kissed the dust at her instep-a-feet—
The lilies blushed red at her kisses,
The veins must be soft as a lute-murmur sweet,
Oh, appeal to me, beautiful! speak.

The dance swept on—the song rose higher,
Yet through her soft whispers
The sweeter her brow was a flash of fire
That I dared to look into her eyes.

And she smiled me through with an English rose
When I begged me to call her,
And I—I could only sigh and sigh,
I could scarcely say an straightway!

She bowed her pride with her plaintive kind,
And laughed my English scorn,
For my thinking none better her mind
Or my shrewd sylvester shorn.

For read was white as a pearl that grew
Under the rise 'fit sea!
For heart was rise as a red, red rose,
But it bore a thorn for me!

For her bloomered and her sensitive face,
Her French corset in at the side—
Oh, she was truth-fill to the very bone,
And so I dared love her so much!

I felt me of indeed a summer rose,
Sweet, with its heart of gold,
Whose leaves encompassed Love like a
Or nothing, for love old wine.

FOREST SKETCHES—NO. 28.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DONAP

ADVENTURE WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

"Where's Ben?" some one asked, after the rest of us had collected around Uncle Abner to hear the continuation of his story of adventure during his African cruise.

Aye—where was Ben? We were all present but him. I started up and went out, and as I reached the head planks of the gangway, I was accompanied by a sort of groaning and grunting, at the end of the bone. I hurried around, and there I found about a score of our boat's darkeys, gathered in a respectful circle, witnessing a performance which was being given by Ben Gilroy and Fibolon.

For once—aye—for over two weeks—Ben had been threatening to throw Fib upon his back if he didn't behave himself. Fib evidently had declared that Ben won't "big enuff to throw" him. It seemed that they had now put it to the test. Old Ben had got out of sight of the rest of us, and then challenged Fib to wrestle. I ran to the window and followed the leaps of Ben's head and face, and in a few seconds we were all collected close by the scene of action.

It was a hard tug for both of them. They were at it after the "catch as catch can" style, and there was an opportunity for them to show their strength. When we first arrived it seemed that Ben had the advantage of both strength and science; but I was not long in making up my mind the other way. I saw that Fib was merely playing with Ben, two opportunities, in succession, pass without taking advantage.

"Now I got 'em!" grunted Ben, as he caught a "cross buttock" and threw himself heavily.

But he came very nigh going himself. The darkey freed his leg in an instant. For some time they worked the trousers legs double, and then tugged—and then tugged and grunted—and then they'd work a moment. Sometimes Ben caught a very neat lock upon his antagonist's knee again.

"Fe'y down now, ye black rascal!" he cried.

"Am I?" returned Fib, and then as soon as he spoke he whirled his leg about—brought the side of his thigh against the back part of Ben's knee, the darkey's weight was resting with a force that knocked it out, and at the same time Fib pulled Ben's body clear from the ground, and laid him, fair and square on his back, upon the greensward!

"Ho—ho!" shouted Fib, as he sprang to his feet and allowed Ben to get up. "I'y'ps ye'll try no ken'ree ole Fibe agin, eh?"

Ben reached his feet, and having puffed and blowed a few seconds, he responded:

"I'll fe' ye, ye black cloud! Wait till I get over this lame back that I got in the woods the other day!"

"Oh—ho-ho-ho-ha! Why Mas's Ben, yer back's all off to a tree. I'll get you next time, dat gin out. Yer touch's kind o' soppy."

Ben was lired to go to the house to be went with us into the house, where he confessed that Fib could have thrown him half a dozen times before he had he had succeeded at last. He said the darkey was the strongest man he had ever met—and strong he is brawn, sinewy, and tough, but with legs and feet like mill-posts.

As soon as we got quiet again, laughing fit ceased to Uncle Abner, and he opened as follows:

"We reached the Nile without further trouble after we had seen the last of the brigands; but I must say that I wasn't glad to get my head on board, so far as anything about the great river was concerned. A sail up our own Mississippi is worth ten times as much. Yet, if I could have gone some six or eight hundred miles further down the river, between Egypt, Lybia and Nubia, or even to the old ruins that might have richly repaid me.

"However, I had come to see the country and the people; and I saw them; and in seeing them I was quite interested. After spending a week at Esther I took a fair boat for Cairo, and from there I ascended the Tahzare River, which is one of the sources of the Nile proper. At the last I went up as far as Atbara, a large town, and after which the river is sometimes called. Here we found very respectable accommodations, and I concluded to stay and rest a day.

"One bright morning, I took a boat, intending to go up the river a few miles and try my luck at fishing. I had a weal for it, for both ways, if it only remained steady, so I took no help with me save my two companions, Abdad and Mulla. That then been a prospect of having to row against the current behind the current, I should have taken two seamen. But the wind was likely to help enough as it started off with only my own oars. We took our fire-arms and fishing materials, and started.

"We reached the place where I had been told I should find fish, and there we dropped our sails and let go a large stone which was made fast to the painter. At the end of half an hour we had caught four small fish, somewhat resembling the common "bass-gent" of our fresh water ponds, and which Abdad called shad. But these were not the fish we wanted; so we up anchor, and having hoisted one of our sails we ran a mile further up, when we came to a wide place in the river and beach, being big land, while from the other swept away a wide, sandy tract, covered with tall reeds. That seemed a fine place for fish, so kind we were after being mostly found under the shade of high banks.

"Our boat was gelang through the water at a pretty good jog, and I had just told Mula to let go the anchor,

when we struck on a sand-bar with such force that I was knocked over upon my side. Mula fell, sprawling into the bottom of the boat, and Abdad fell up by the knee to hold himself up. We were thrown around into the bow, and as the boat began to list back I started forward to see what we had fallen afoul of, supposing it to be either a stump, or a log of sunken land. Straightening up at the forward thwart, and a head and body upon the forward, when I saw a sudden commotion about four feet from the beam of the boat on the next instant came a loud bellowing noise, followed by a cloud of spray which came down over me.*

"For a moment I was so startled that I could not speak nor move. The noise, and the whirling plash of water in my face, were enough to startle any man; but my thoughts quickly returned, and I knew at what had happened. We had run afoul of a *hippopotamus!* His huge, ugly head and fore-part of his body was rising in the water.

"I had never seen one of these animals at large in their native haunts, and some hippopotami at Zanzibar, and knew most of their peculiarities. They are very often found as large as an elephant, and are very heavy; their legs are very short, and upon land they are so clumsy and unwieldy as to be practically helpless. Nevertheless, they can grow to be twelve feet in length, and about the same circumference, and are very solid and heavy and compact. Their skin is thick and tough, almost as much so as that of the rhinoceros, and without a knife it is impossible to penetrate it with effect, which are generally white in color. The head is very large and broad, but they are not connected by any neckpiece, as we might expect from their general nature. The head is immense, and the mouth, which looks terrible enough, when the huge teeth are all exposed, can be opened to a distance of a foot and a half. The peculiarity of this mouth is that the lower jaw is stationary, while the upper one has the power of motion.

"The hippopotamus is not an ugly beast, unless he is provoked to anger, and then he becomes a terrible enemy, and is more than a match for the strongest man. He is very fond of the water, and will remain in it for hours together, and when he is not engaged in his favorite occupation of eating, he is generally found lying in the water, with only his head and back above the surface. He is also very fond of the land, and will travel over it for miles in search of food. He is a great eater, and will consume a large amount of grass and vegetables in a short time. He is also very fond of the water, and will travel over it for miles in search of food. He is also very fond of the water, and will travel over it for miles in search of food.

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